WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

[*Highly finiſhed* PORTRAITS *of their Graces the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *of* RICHMOND, *accompany this Month's Magazine: Containing alſo, a Biographical Sketch of our illuſtrious Vice-Queen, the* DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.]

CHARLOTTE LENOX, the preſent ducheſs of Richmond, is the third daughter of the duke and ducheſs of Gordon. Her grace was married September 9th, 1789, to colonel Lenox, now duke of Richmond, by whom ſhe has a very numerous family.

Upon the death of the late duke of Richmond, who died at an advanced period of life, and without legitimate iſſue, his title and fortune devolved upon his nephew, general Lenox, the preſent duke.

His grace repreſented the county of Suſſex in ſeveral parliaments, and had always been warmly attached to the party and politics of mr. Pitt—in truth, his attachment was of a nature more cloſe and affectionate than political alliances generally are. He maintained his connection with mr. Pitt at a time when his uncle, the late duke, was extremely hoſtile to the conduct of that miniſter; and though general Lenox was choſen member for the county of Suſſex almoſt ſolely upon the Richmond intereſt, he did not on that account heſitate to vote againſt the opinion of his uncle, or to preſerve his independence at the hazard of his intereſt.

Upon the diſſolution of the late miniſtry, when the friends and adherents of mr. Pitt were again called to the helm of power, the duke of Richmond was not forgotten. An offer was immediately made to him of the lord lieutenancy of Ireland—His grace accepted the office, and his brother-in-law, the duke of Bedford, was immediately recalled. It may here be remarked, that the recall of his grace the duke of Bedford was ſoftened to his feelings as much as poſſible, and in being thus ſuperſeded by a near relation, the dignity might be conſidered as ſtill continuing in the ſame family.

The ducheſs of Richmond accompanied her huſband to Dublin a few months ſince; and is, of courſe, ſtill in the Iriſh metropolis.

As a public character we have little to ſay of her grace. Her conduct is worthy of her rank, and her affability and good humour make her equally beloved and reſpected.

Memoir of the Ducheſs of Brunſwick.

Grief's conflict gave theſe hairs their ſilver ſhine;
Torn enſigns which victorious age adorn:
Youth is a dreſs too gariſh and too fine,
To be in foul tempeſtuous weather worn.

Grief's want of uſe does dang'rous weakneſs make;
But we by uſe of burdens are made ſtrong:
And in our practis'd age can calmly take
Thoſe ſorrows, which like fevers vex the young. DAVENANT.

AUGUSTA, ducheſs of Brunſwick, ſiſter to our beloved ſovereign, is the eldeſt daughter of his royal highneſs Frederick, late prince of Wales, and Auguſta, princeſs of Saxe Gotha. She was born at St. James's palace, July 31, O. S. or Auguſt 11, N. S. 1737.

At the general peace in 1763, after the concluſion of the ſeven years' war, his ſerene highneſs, Ferdinand, the hereditary prince of Brunſwick Lunenburgh, who, during the war, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf with the greateſt renown, particularly at Minden and Warbourg, came over to England to demand the hand of the princeſs in marriage, where he was received with all the honours due to his illuſtrious birth and conſummate merit. He landed at Harwich, January 12, 1764, and on the evening of the following day arrived at Somerſet houſe, in the king's equipage, which had been ſent forward to meet him, attended by ſeveral noblemen, who went to wait his arrival at Harwich. The next morning his ſerene highneſs waited on their majeſties and the reſt of the royal family, and on the 16th, at ſeven in the evening, the ceremony of the marriage of her royal highneſs the princeſs Auguſta with his moſt ſerene highneſs the hereditary prince of Brunſwick Lunenburgh, was performed in the great council chamber, by his grace the archbiſhop of Canterbury, the venerable dr. Seeker. None but peers and peereſſes, peers' eldeſt ſons, and peers' daughters, privy counſellors and their wives, and foreign miniſters, were permitted to be preſent at the ceremony. Their royal highneſſes remained a few hours at St. James's, and then repaired to Leiceſter-houſe, the reſidence of the princeſs dowager of Wales, where a grand ſupper was prepared, at which were preſent their majeſties, the princeſs dowager, prince William, the illuſtrious duke of Cumberland, and prince Henry, the late duke of that name, and the reſt of the royal family.

The next day their majeſties, her royal highneſs the princeſs dowager of Wales, and their royal and ſerene highneſſes the prince and princeſs of Brunſwick, received the compliments of the nobility and gentry, which were followed by moſt dutiful and affectionate addreſſes from both houſes of parliament, and the city of London.

His ſerene highneſs, during his ſtay in London, was ſumptuouſly entertained by his royal highneſs the duke of Cumberland, and many of the principal nobility and gentry; and confirmed all ranks in thoſe ſentiments of love and eſteem, which his behaviour in the Britiſh army in Germany, during the ſeven years' war, had ſo juſtly inſpired. Their highneſſes, on leaving London, generouſly ordered 500l. each, for the relief of poor priſoners for debt.

On the 26th their highneſſes ſet out for Harwich, loaded with ſumptuous preſents from their majeſties and the reſt of the royal family, and attended by the tears of many, and the good wiſhes of all, which the prince returned by his prayers for the ſucceſs of this nation, for which, he ſaid, he had already bled, and would again with pleaſure, on any future occaſion.

On their arrival at the ſeat of lord Abercorn, at Witham, in Eſſex, a grand entertainment was provided for the

their highneſſes, and they were met by many of the nobility of both ſexes, who came to offer their compliments of congratulation.

On their arrival at Harwich, the corporation waited upon them with a reſpectful addreſs, and had the honour of kiſſing the princeſs's hand. On the 30th, their highneſſes, in different yachts, ſet ſail from Harwich, but did not reach Helvoetſluys till the 2d of February, having been overtaken by very bad weather, in which there was the greateſt reaſon to fear their highneſſes had periſhed, as ſeveral days elapſed before any certain and agreeable account of them reached London.

On landing at Helvoetſluys, their ſerene highneſſes were complimented on the part of the prince of Orange, by the great cup-bearer, by the chargé des affaires of the king of Great Britain and the regency of Hanover, and by the minister of the duke of Brunſwick. The prince proceeded by land, while her royal highneſs went on board one of the yachts of the prince of Orange, and on her arrival at Delft, ſhe was met by the hereditary prince, the reigning duke Lewis of Brunſwick, and the Engliſh ambaſſador. The equipage of the prince ſtadtholder, with an eſcort of body guards, conducted her from Delft to the Hague, to his palace, called the Old Court, where, on alighting from her coach, ſhe was received by the prince ſtadtholder.—Her royal highneſs received, ſome time after, the compliments of the foreign miniſters, and a great number of perſons of diſtinction. The ſtates-general, the ſtates of Holland, and the council of ſtate, upon news of their highneſſes' arrival, nominated a deputation of their moſt diſtinguiſhed members to compliment them upon their ſafe arrival, and the happy concluſion of their marriage; but as they declined receiving theſe deputations in form, all the colleges had the honour to make their compliments without ceremony. The prince ſtadtholder gave the ſame day a grand dinner and ſupper, at his palace, to their royal and ſerene highneſſes, who were entertained on the following days by the duke Lewis of Brunſwick, uncle to prince Ferdinand, and general York, the Engliſh ambaſſador. In their progreſs from hence to Brunſwick, they received the congratulatory compliments of all the towns through which they paſſed, the burgeſſes attending them under arms, while the air reſounded with acclamations of joy. On the 19th, the hereditary prince arrived at Brunſwick; and on the 21ſt her royal highneſs followed. She was met at Wenden, three miles from Brunſwick, by a party of light horſe; and when ſhe came within one mile of the town, by the reigning duke, the ducheſs, prince Ferdinand, and the whole illuſtrious family, who were come in ſix coaches and ſix. After reposing ſome time in a large ſplendid pavilion, the reigning ducheſs, and her royal and ſerene highneſs ſet out in an open coach, that the people might ſee her. During her paſſage, and at her approach to town, attended by military muſic, ninety guns were thrice diſcharged, and the bells of the town and adjacent places were rung. On her entering the city, ſhe was received with all poſſible military honours, and with the utmoſt parade and ſplendor. Her affable and courteous behaviour quickly conciliated the affections of her future ſubjects, which, when afterwards raiſed to the ducal ſeat, ſhe retained and augmented, by the moſt benevolent attention to their intereſt, and the moſt anxious ſolicitude to promote their welfare.

Her royal highneſs has had ſeven children. 1. A princeſs, born December 3, 1764. 2. Charles George Auguſtus, born at St. James's, February 8, 1766, during a viſit to Eng-

land, which their highneſſes made this year. 3. Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, now princeſs of Wales, born May 17, 1768. 4. A daughter, June 26, 1764. 5. A prince, Auguſt 18, 1770. 6 William Frederick, October 9, 1771. 7. A princeſs, November 22, 1772.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from Carr's Stranger in Ireland; or a Tour in the Southern and Weſtern parts of that Country, in the Year 1805.

AFTER a dedication, by permiſſion, to Francis earl of Moira, and a preface, he enters on his firſt chapter, which, with ſeveral anecdotes, deſcribes his journey through Wales to Holyhead, and in his ſecond we find ourſelves with him in Ireland.—A minute and intereſting deſcription of Dublin then takes place, previouſly to the commencement of his northern and weſtern excurſions up the country. Boileau uſed to call Moliere *the Obſerver*, and Sir John by the way of diſtinction, is juſtly entitled to the appellation, for nothing eſcapes his obſervation. A more lively, chatty, entertaining traveller we never met with. His remarks on the deplorable ſtate of the coin in Ireland form the moſt ſerious and important part of the work—they deſerve the conſideration of government. From ſuch multifarious documents we know not how to ſelect, and perhaps, at this time of the day, it is ſcarcaly neceſſary to give any ſpecimen; however, we ſhall make one extract, to ſhew the eaſy and familiar ſtyle in which he writes.

'As I am no botaniſt, I beg leave to quit ſhrubs and flowers for beauties of another and far intereſting nature. As I returned to my hotel, my eye naturally endeavoured to aſcertain the truth of an aſſertion made by a writer, who has juſtly rendered himſelf obnoxious by his want of candour or obſervation, in his celebrated critique upon the legs of the Iriſh ladies: the day was ſingularly favourable, a or the wind was freſh and the atmoſphere was clear, and the belles of Dublin were enjoying the beauty of the weather. With all the ſolemnity due to the ſubject, I am ready to ſwear, upon the altar of Cupid, or any other altar, that the ancles and feet which I ſaw were as tapering and as pretty as the ancles and feet of the belles of London, or even of Stockholm, although not ſo numerous as in the latter city, where they are to be found in great perfection; and that the aſſertion of the writer alluded to is a moſt foul and ſlanderous libel upon thoſe beautiful portions of the female frame, and which if time has not chilled the feelings of the libeller, ought for ever to be withheld from his ſight. If pretty feet do not abound in Ireland, it is only becauſe they do not abound in any other country: being a part of female beauty, it partakes of its rarity. Had this writer been making the tour of a county in England which I well know, and had he been preſent at the following ſcene which occurred there, he would, with equal preciſion, have made a memorandum, that all the women of England had thick legs. An Engliſh young lady juſt married, being much oppreſſed by the heat of a ball room, fainted; a gentleman offered to aſſiſt her husband, who held her in his arms, to remove her into the open air, and ſtooped to raiſe her legs from the ground; upon which the huſband with much truth and great calmneſs of conſideration, ſaid, 'My dear ſir, let me recommend you to leave them alone, for you will find them very heavy.'

'The ſame writer has charged the Iriſh ladies with being naturally addicted to the *forgery of franks*: this accuſation enlarges the ſphere of genius to an extent unknown be-

I have heard of a rich Hamburgher, of whom having been very ſucceſsful in trade, it was ſaid that he was moſt happily organiſed by nature for a ſugar-refiner; but this prediſpoſition will I am ſure, be confeſſed to be far ſhort of the natural bias towards an imitation of the hand-writing of a member of parliament. I underſtand that this wonderful diſcovery originated from the writer having made, ſeveral years ſince, an unſucceſsful application for a frank to an Iriſh lady of faſhion, who uſed frequently to be the amanuenſis of her huſband, who was in parliament, and occaſionally, by his direction, to write his covers: a cuſtom which, without any felonious intent, I do aſſure this irreſiſtible touriſt, is practiſed in the families of ſeveral members in England at this day. This knight errant *againſt* that ſex, for whom the ſword of chivalry has hitherto been unſheathed, has alſo charged the Iriſh ladies with being ſo naturally bacchanalian, that at dinner, if a gentleman only accidentally glances his eye upon one of them, ſhe converts the look into a convivial challenge, and with a true jolly Anacreontic ſmile, and cordial ſeizure of the decanter, exclaims, 'Port, if you pleaſe.' To defend them from ſuch an imputation would be like hurling a rock at a fly, and as ridiculous as the accuſation. How far they merit ſuch ſarcaſm, will appear in my remarks upon the preſent ſtate of ſociety in Ireland. This writer, well knowing that the love of ridicule is a predominant paſſion with moſt of us, has feathered his arrow with falſhood, to wound the pureſt boſom which truth, as well as gallantry, is bound to protect. If we ſuffer from ſatire, it is but a requital for indulging in ourſelves the weakneſs which is gratified with it. To ſuch an extent is that imbecility permitted to range, that the happieſt efforts of genius have been frequently ſhaken by the moſt contemptible occurrence.—Not many years ſince, in the middle of one of the fineſt effuſions of eloquence ever heard within the walls of the Iriſh houſe of commons, every avenue of which was filled; whilſt the crowded aſſembly were liſtening in mute aſtoniſhment to the orator, the cork of a bottle of porter, which had been conveyed into the gallery, ſuddenly flew; its ſound immediately withdrew the public attention, a titter ran round the room, and the ſpeaker abruptly cloſed a moſt brilliant oration in chagrin, to find all the attention which his oratory had excited, diſſolved by this ridiculous exploſion of fermenting beer.'

Faſhions for October.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

Lady's Dreſs.

A ROUND gown with ſhort train, ornamented at the feet with with flutings of muſlin or needle work; a long ſleeve tucked, with full top; frock back and lapelled boſom cut low, and trimmed with ſcolloped lace. A *chapeau a la bocage*, of imperial chip or ſarſnet, ornamented with a wreathe of ivy or junquille; a ſingle ſprig of the ſame in front of the boſom in lieu of a broach. A ſhawl of Chineſe ſilk, thrown negligently over the ſhoulders. Hair in a ſingle band acroſs the forehead, relieved by looſe curls in front and at the ſides. Hoop earrings of amber or cornelian. Straw coloured kid gloves and ſhoes.

Children's Dreſs.—A frock and trowſers of the cambric, bordered at the bottom in rich fancy vandyke.—French back and boſom cut very low, and ornamented with the ſame; Circaſſian ſleeve very ſhort.——The Mooriſh boot, or high *pompoſa*, of bright yellow kid, laced with purple. Saſh to correſpond, tied in ſhort bows and ends behind.

Pariſian

Parisian Costume.

A ROUND frock of Italian crape, over a white satin slip, ornamented at the bottom with a pink and silver ribband. Long waist laced up the back with pink or silver cord; a plain bosom cut very low, trimmed *tel que la robe*. The melon sleeve, formed of alternate stripes of pink satin and white crape: a narrow sash of pink ribband, tied loosely behind. Hair combed straight from the temples, and leaving a few simple curls on the forehead, is formed in full braids at the back of the head, confined with a coronet comb of pearl, and ornamented with a bunch of auricula or clove carnation. A *bouquet* composed of the rose and myrtle. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of the Chinese pearl. Gloves of French kid, and slippers of pink satin, tied round the ankles with silver ribband. Plain silk stockings, a French white.

The shawls usually worn in the hand, or upon the arm, are now extended to the shoulders. The striped shawls, called *zephyrs*, are also fashionable. A few small coloured *fichus*, particularly dark blue, with spots, have re-appeared. Grey taffeta, for robes, is very common; and no head, *a la Titus*, remains uncovered. In *lemons*, amaranthus ground is again in favour, but the spots are very small. Green is a colour in demand. *Corsetes* of plain green taffeta are much worn; white taffeta robes are also much in favour, embellished with small green *comete* cut bias, sometimes accompanied with a twist. The new hats are of white straw, trimmed with white ribbands for full dress; coloured ribbons for half dress; and Scotch ribbons for undress. Many ladies, in full dress, wear a veil, thrown back over the forehead, and falling equally on each side. Beneath, the hair thrown back, ends in a natural tuft, and is closely plaited and adorned with flowers.—In their chambers, the ladies, during the late hot weather, resumed those wrappers, which, four or five years ago, were called *gaules*. Some of them do not come down lower than the knee; from the top of the collar, which is trimmed with lace, comes a scarf, which is crossed and knotted before. Nothing is more common than soft and round white feathers. None others were lately to be seen at Frascati. Feathers also prevailed, at the same time, at Ranelagh. A great many of them were bunched, and black, with orange or flame coloured points. A great coat, bronze waistcoat, nankin *culottes*, cotton stockings, and blue gaiters, is a fashionable dress for gentlemen in the country.

Singular Instance of Female Fortitude.

A RUSSIAN lady of high rank was travelling up the country. Her road led through a village, which had lately got an ill name for robberies and murders, and indeed was become formidable to the whole district. By some unforeseen circumstances, her arrival at this place was delayed till the night was somewhat advanced; and, as the post-boors absolutely refused to drive her any further, she was obliged to put up at a cottage.—A conversation between them and some people of the village, which, by favour of the darkness, she happened to overhear, justly filled her with serious alarm. On entering the cottage, she perceived several fellows, according to the custom of the country, lying on the stove. An old woman, whose physiognomy was not exactly adapted to inspire confidence, accosted her with the question, why she had hesitated to pass the night in that village, whether it was because she suspected, that she might not be safe in her house? and swore at the same time, that there was not a man in it. The traveller, from long experience, being well acquainted with the character of the nation, took

care not to confute this lie; on the contrary, she displayed the most perfect confidence, sat down with the utmost composure to take some refreshment, brought out a bottle of brandy from her case in the sledge, called down the fellows that were lying on the stove, and divided its contents among them. This behaviour, the bottle of brandy, and the friendly looks of the donor, had their due effect: the slumbering, but not stifled sentiment of humanity awoke; and the good-natured, careless, and joyful humour, which is so peculiar to the common Russians, soon broke out in noisy songs. The traveller, seeing that she had attained her aim, laid herself down to sleep in an adjacent room, in all appearance without any distrust, forbad her servants to bring the baggage and arms, into the house, and even put out the light. At break of day, she found a Russian breakfast prepared, and her carriage ready for her farther progress. Her departure from this band of robbers, was a moral caricature of a most singular nature. With the confession of their criminal way of life, she at the same time received from these people the assurance, that she and all the passengers that should make use of her name, should be well received, and lodged in safety; a promise which was accompanied with the rude but undisguised testimony of a hearty affection.

Curious Theatrical Bill.

Theatre, AMBLESIDE.

SIR,--Such an incident as the comedy of 'The Poor Gentleman' having been represented by *four* persons, we should imagine not to be paralleled, had we not before our eyes the advertisement of a farce in no better a situation. What such exhibitions are, they only who have witnessed them are able to inform us. The bill is certainly a curiosity, and I am induced to present you with it for the entertainment of your readers.

Manchester. T. SNOW.

Theatre, White Lion, Ambleside.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 18.

Will be presented the much admired new comedy of

THE POOR GENTLEMAN

Or, the Love of Argument.

Lieut. Worthington, Humphrey Dobbins,	Mr. Weile.
Sir R. Bramble, Corporal Fois, Ollapod.	Mr. Deans.
Stephen Harrowby, Sir Charles Cropland, Frederick Bramble.	Mr. Johnston.
Miss Luc. Mac Tab, Miss E. Worthington,	Mrs. Deans.

After the play the following songs, &c.

My Mary's True, by Mrs. Deans

Knowing Joe among the Show Folks, by Mr. Johnston.

Comic songs, by Mr. Weile.

Hipsley's Drunken Man, by Mr. Johnston.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

BARNABY BRITTLE;

Or, a Wife at her Wit's End.

Barnaby Brittle,	Mr. Deans.
Sir Peter Pride, Clodpole,	Mr. Weile.
Lovemore, Jeremy,	Mr. Johnston.
Mrs. Brittle, Damaris,	Mrs. Deans.

Tickets of admission to be had at the principal inns.

Front seat, 1s. back, 6d.

To begin at eight o'clock.

Extraordinary Courage of a Young Woman of Zante, produced by Superstition. (From Scrofani's Voyage en Grèce.)

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A—, you are persuaded, that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself in-

to the ſea, and Clelia, who ſwam acroſs the Tyber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of this character. Well! learn what a young girl of Zante has performed; who, if ſhe had lived among the Greeks or Romans of paſt times, would have been capable of yet greater things. *Helen Mattaranga*, aged twenty years, lately witneſſed the deceaſe of a young man of her village, whom ſhe had loved.—She was to have married him; but her parents, from intereſted motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen ſaw the phantom of her lover, ſtanding in ſilence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the ſecond and third nights immediately following. She at firſt imagined that her lover's ſoul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in conſequence of which ſhe cauſed two maſſes to be ſaid, diſtributed bread and money to the poor, and ſent an offering of a fine fat ſheep to the convent of *Panagia*. The ſpectre continued not the leſs its regular appearance: on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as ſhe began to ſleep. How then was ſhe to be delivered? Superſtition furniſhed the means, and here they are:

One night, when her huſband is at a neighbouring village, ſhe riſes, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithſtanding the fetid odour, and the corruption which it exhales, ſhe embraces it repeatedly, bathes it with her tears, and then drives four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus faſtened it to the earth, ſhe returns home, paſſes the remainder of the night in tranquillity, and from that time the ſpectre diſcontinued its viſits. What an unheard of mixture of courage, ſuperſtition, and love! Picture to yourſelf this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the ſight of the phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover, feeling round it, ſuffering the almoſt inſupportable odour, embracing it!—outraging it!—What agitated feelings! what chiling perſpirations! How much the fear of being ſurpriſed muſt perturb her ſoul, and freeze her ſenſes!—Yet this woman, whoſe ſenſibility, in antient times would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity.—Helen confided the ſecret to a friend, and this friend to the relations of the deceaſed, who failed not to make their remonſtrances; and, according to an antient law, to demand the death of her who dared to outrage a dead body. The overſeer, Bembo, proved an advocate and protector to this young girl, and ſuppreſſed the affair. Without doubt, he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of ſenſibility.

Curious Invention.

A YOUNG gentleman in Dundee, has juſt invented and finiſhed a model of a door, which, when once locked, it is impoſſible for a ſtranger to open; and in caſe of a thief making the attempt, it is equally impoſſible for him to avoid being caught in the act, and detained on the ſpot until a perſon acquainted with the invention comes to his relief. It will be found highly beneficial for the ſecurity of banking and counting houſes, repoſitories of plate, &c.—Should the attempt be made on the latter in any gentleman's town or country reſidence, in the abſence of the family, the delinquent will inevitably be ſtarved to death for his temerity, unleſs relieved by a perſon entirely acquainted with the proper method of opening.

Romance

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 537.)

CHAP. L.

ANGELINA and Julia di Roſſano were two of the moſt lovely women that Sicily ever boaſted. They ſprung from a noble though not affluent family; and at a period little advanced from infancy, theſe beautiful ſiſters had been bequeathed by their ſole ſurviving parent (a bigoted mother) to the care of the abbadeſſa of a convent of Carmelite nuns at Palermo.

In obedience to the will of their deceaſed parents, they were educated for the conventual life; and their pious and faithful guardian determined, that at the age of eighteen they ſhould each aſſume the ſacred vow. So long initiated in the myſteries of a monaſtic life, they became completely weary of it by the time Angelina attained her ſixteenth year; when ſhe formally announced to her guardian her fixed determination againſt ever fulfilling the arbitrary will of her parent.

The pious mother was amazed, was ſhocked, was diſmayed, at ſuch impious, ſuch dreadful diſobedience. The holy fathers attached to that convent, all the eccleſiaſtics in Sicily, were appealed to. They thundered anathemas againſt the apoſtate girl, inflicted heavy penances, and bewildered her by all the perplexities of bigotry and ignorant theological controverſy. Their diſpleaſure and their penances, however ſevere, Angelina ſubmitted to with the moſt philoſophic reſignation; nor could their elaborate diſquiſitions make the ſmalleſt impreſſion upon her mind—probably becauſe ſhe could ſcarcely comprehend them. All ſhe perfectly underſtood of the matter in queſtion were her own feelings, which determined her to undergo every puniſhment the phrenſy of the furious zealots might inflict, ſooner than preſent herſelf a perjured votary at the altar of her Creator.

This extraordinary controverſy between the eccleſiaſtic power and a girl of ſixteen filled the city of Palermo with aſtoniſhment, and formed the favourite topic of diſquiſition at every *converſazioni* in the place. The youth, beauty, and fortitude of Angelina gained her univerſal partiſans among the young, while the old expreſſed cenſures rather than admiration at her conduct.

The archbiſhop of Montreal was the only one among the Sicilian prelates who acted the liberal, upright, and unprejudiced adviſer. He was a learned, juſt, and truly pious man; and his opinions were only underſtood and received with reverence by Angelina. With him ſhe held long and frequent conferences; and at length, inſtead of his gaining a proſelyte, Angelina convinced him of the propriety of the determination ſhe had formed. His influence, which was great, was all exerted to huſh the ſtorms of bigotry againſt her. In a ſhort time, by his means, the conteſt was given up: Angelina and Julia were to remain as boarders in the convent, under the protection of their guardian, but no compulſive meaſures were to be uſed to enforce their acquieſcence in the will of their mother. Unmoleſted were they to continue there, and either to take the veil or not, as inclination might prompt them at a future period.

The marcheſe of Palermo, then in his twenty-ſecond year, was one of the handſomeſt as well as the moſt faſcinating men of his time. Such was his exterior:—but far, infinitely far from eſtimable was his diſpoſition; for he was a profligate, capricious, violent in temper, vain to exceſs, and paſſionately fond of notoriety. At the houſe of his maternal uncle, the archbiſhop of Montreal, he ſeveral times ſaw the lovely ſiſ-

ters during this memorable controverſy. The mild and intereſting ſweetneſs of the timid Julia charmed his fancy and captivated his heart; but the majeſtic, ſpirited Angelina was enrolled in flaming characters in the brighteſt records of fame. She was the admiration of all the young and gay at Palermo, and the palm of beauty had been adjudged to her from her ſiſter by general conſent. To wed Angelina would be exactly that kind of *eclat* his heart panted for. His name coupled with Angelina di Roſſano's would indeed be notoriety. In vain did his heart whiſper that he ſhould be happier with Julia. Vanity was arbitrary, and affection diſregarded. In the ſemblance then of all that was amiable and ſeductive he preſented himſelf as the moſt paſſionate lover to the beautiful, ingenuous, and ſuſceptible Angelina; who, completely deceived, beſtowed upon him her tendereſt affections, and very ſhortly after became his wretched wife.

Even before they aroſe from the altar the infatuation of vanity was paſt; for, while the archbiſhop of Montreal was piouſly pronouncing the nuptial benediction, the marcheſe looked upon the bewitching face of Julia, then animated as he had never before beheld it. She was breathing the moſt fervent aſpirations for the happineſs of her beloved ſiſter. Alas! poor Julia had no preſentiment that ſhe was to prove the fatal bane to that happineſs. From this moment the marcheſe conſidered his beauteous ineſtimable bride as the blighter of his peace. She became his deteſtation; and ſhortly after, when Julia beſtowed her heart and hand upon a truly amiable young Engliſhman, lord Frederic Stanhope (the youngeſt of the then duke of Riverſdale's ſons), the phrenſy of the marcheſe of Palermo's rage and envy broke through all bounds; concealment was no more; and he had the inhumanity to tell the diſmayed Angelina that ſhe was the deſtruction of his happineſs, his deteſtation, his torment,—while his tendereſt affections had been, from the moment of firſt beholding her, irrevocably devoted to her ſiſter.

From that moment the thread of the marcheſa's health was ſnapped, and the fire of her vivacity extinguiſhed by grief and horror. The ſoul of lively graceful animation, that had inſpirited all her actions, and made her the faſcinating admiration of every circle, fled for ever. In one dreadful moment all of hope, of joy, of happineſs, was wrecked. Not a complaint, not a murmur, broke from her lips; but miſery found an everlaſting manſion in her boſom. Her air became at once dejected. Sorrow and patience ſat touchingly blended upon her brow; and her once ſo arch and playful ſmiles were now ſo mournful, yet ſo ſweet and reſigned, they called forth the ſpontaneous tear of ſympathy; and her melodious voice was from henceforth attuned by the moſt melting tones of ſadneſs.

The happy Julia was gone with her adoring huſband to England: but even had ſhe remained in Sicily, her ſociety could now, alas! no longer prove a conſolation to Angelina, who, before ſhe attained her ſeventeenth year, had every comfort in life torn from her but the friendſhip of the archbiſhop of Montreal, and the maternal tenderneſs which her child, the infant Viola, called forth. The birth of this babe, the mother's only joy, gave additional force to the father's hatred. Influenced by his conſtitutional caprice, becauſe his child was a daughter he wiſhed for a ſon; and enraged at what he fancied a dreadful diſappointment, he, in the injuſtice of his phrenſy accuſing his wife and child as the ſource of all his ſorrows, baniſhed them both from his houſe and protection;

tection; when, under the auſpices of the amiable benevolent archbiſhop, they took refuge in a Benedictine convent dedicated to St. Roſolia, a ſhort diſtance from the city of Palermo, while the marcheſe continued to paſs his time in a manner that ſunk him lower and lower in the eſtimation of all good men.

The amiable archbiſhop undertook to ſuperintend the education of this diſcarded child; and, with the aſſiſtance of her highly-informed and accompliſhed mother, and with proper aid from Palermo, this lovely plant of paternal hate was reared and brought to perfection before her unnatural father ever beheld her.

The family of lord Frederic Stanhope received Julia with civility, but never with cordiality. She was a foreigner, a catholic, and her fortune was ſmall. The duke of Riverſdale was avaricious, was national to illiberality, and believed the profeſſor of every religion but his own muſt be devoid of virtue. Frederic was his favourite child: that partiality induced him to forgive his marriage, and receive his wife: but not even that partiality, nor Julia's perfections, could conquer his deep-rooted prejudices. Every individual of the family formed their conduct by his grace's: the lovely intereſting Julia was no favourite amongſt them: but the energy of her huſband's character, and the high eſtimation his country held him in, enforced reſpect to his adored Julia from every perſon who approached her, ſo long as he was ſpared to protect her. But he had choſen the naval profeſſion; his country often called him from his Julia: and in five years after their union he fell, crowned with laurels, conquering a force far ſuperior to that which he commanded.

The affliction of Julia was proportionate to the tender affection ſhe bore him, and the loſs ſhe ſuſtained in being deprived of ſuch a huſband, ſuch a protector; and the only conſolation ſhe had left prejudice threatened to tear from her. Her only ſurviving child, the little Clementina, it was decreed by the inflexible grandfather muſt be taken from her papiſt mother, and reared in the perſuaſion of her father. This was a fell blow to the already breaking heart of Julia. Her child to be taken from her and bred a heretic! and neither in this life nor the next could ſhe more hope to behold her huſband or her child! While her Frederic lived, happineſs had prevented her reverting deeply to the horrors of future ſeparation: but now he is gone, and ſhe had not the hope to conſole her of future meeting. All the horrors of the catholic perſuaſion, in their belief of heretical perdition, now faſtened upon her mind, ſhattered her frame, and tortured her heart to direſt anguiſh. Her confeſſor was her adviſer; and he had many counſellors among the bigots of his faith which London contained, by whom poor Julia was at length perſuaded to forego the maternal tranſports of her child's preſence, to enſure her eternal ſalvation.

The crafty prieſt ſecretly and dexterouſly conveyed the beautiful and engaging little Clementina, then in her fourth year, from the arms of her doting heart-broken mother to the city of Palermo, where he carefully delivered up his charge to the archbiſhop of Montreal, to whoſe protection Julia had confided her child. And in a few months after, this amiable, lovely, unfortunate young woman fell, in the prime of beauty, a martyr to bigotry—friendleſs, forlorn, perſecuted by her huſband's family with encreaſing cruelty to enforce confeſſion of the place of her child's concealment, and far from her native country, a return to which a dreadful interdict in her huſband's

huſband's will prevented; for in his profeſſional excurſions he had viſited Palermo after his marriage, and had learned from the archbiſhop of Montreal the fatal cauſe of the unfortunate diſunion of the marcheſe and marcheſa of Palermo. The dreadful pang which ſuch intelligence would inflict he ſpared his Julia, reſolving during her youth, or the exiſtence of the marcheſe, never to allow her to reviſit Sicily: and to prevent her doing ſo, ſhould ſhe ſurvive himſelf, he left in his will a ſolemn requeſt to her not to viſit her native country until ſhe had attainnd her fortieth year. And as he forbore to aſſign any cauſe for this extraordinary requeſt, Julia conſidered it only as inſpired by a degree of that national prejudice ſo conſpicious in the reſt of her Frederic's family; and although ſhe would have given worlds to accompany her child to Sicily, to weep upon the ſympathiſing boſom of her Angelina (who ſhe had heard from others, but never from herſelf, was an unhappy wife), and to commit herſelf ſolely to the guidance of her revered friend the archbiſhop; yet ſhe acquieſced without murmuring in a requeſt that added, as ſhe thought, affliction to her ſorrows, but which in fact ſpared her the torturing pang of knowing ſhe had, though innocently cauſed her ſiſter's miſery.

The convent of St. Roſolia was alſo the aſylum of the lovely intereſting Clementina, to whom the good archbiſhop proved a kind and faithful guardian; while the affectionate heart of Angelina prompted her to beſtow every attention, every endearment, upon Clementina that could poſſibly make up to her in any degree for the loſs of that maternal tenderneſs ſhe doubted not the ſweet child would have received from her abſent mother, for whom Angelina retained the moſt ardent and unalterable affection; for whoſe ſorrows ſhe wept the pureſt tears of ſympathy--for whoſe alienation from her child, her country, and herſelf, ſhe keenly mourned---and whoſe premature death gave a fell blow to her already tottering health, and to her agoniſed heart an endleſs ſource of grief.

Too well Angelina gueſſed the motive which actuated the will of the amiable lord Frederic Stanhope and her feeling heart was wrung with anguiſh. To make up to the little Clemantina that maternal protection and advantage ſhe had been, though innocently, the cauſe of depriving her of, was now, alas! all that ſhe had in her power to evince her affection by, to the memory of her beloved lamented Julia: and Viola herſelf was not an object of more tender ſolicitude than Clementina, whoſe lively and ardent diſpoſition led her to return with fervor the tenderneſs of her aunt, and the affection of her couſin—between whom and herſelf a moſt pure and laſting friendſhip cemented, which grew with their growth and ſtrengthened with their ſtrength.

CHAP. LI.

So attached was the good archbiſhop to theſe children of misfortune, that to ſee them happy was his earneſt wiſh, and to indulge them in every thing within his power to beſtow, his chief delight: ſcarcely a day paſſed without his taking either his lovely niece or his playful ward into the city, or to his palazzo, to load each of theſe faſcinating children with every preſent affluence and affection could ſuggeſt to pleaſe them, and through their happineſs to ſteal a pang from the ſorrows of Angelina.

It was in one of theſe excurſions, and juſt at the period Viola had entered her fifteenth year, as ſhe and her reverend uncle were driving from St. Roſolia's to his palazzo in Palermo,

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one of the numerous proceſſions which ſo frequently throng the ſtreets in catholic countries impeded the progreſs of their carriage in a narrow ſtreet, and whilſt the pious prelate was engaged at the window next to him, beſtowing his loudly called for benediction upon the devout proceſſion, Viola haſtily turned her head from the pious multitude to look into a carriage which juſt then had drawn up by the ſide of her uncle's, and beheld in it a remarkably handſome and elegant-looking man, with his eyes earneſtly riveted upon her face. The ſenſitive moleſty of Viola ever made her ſhun the gaze of obſervation; but though tranſient was the glance her timidity gave her of this ſtranger, he made her not only bluſh but tremble too; and ſcarcely knowing what ſhe felt, or why ſhe was ſo unuſually agitated, ſhe caught, in her tremulous graſp, the hand of her aſtoniſhed uncle, who, caſting a contemptuous look at the ſtill rudely gazing ſtranger, called to his attendants to proceed with expedition.

The archbiſhop's carriage was once more in motion, and they were proceeding rapidly to enter the court-yard of the palace, when they were arreſted by a violent jar, and at the ſame moment heard a dreadful craſh. Viola was terribly alarmed, although ſoon informed that the accident was occaſioned by a coach which, in ſtriving to paſs the archbiſhop's, when too nearly in contact with it, had been, by the miſmanagement of the driver, overturned. The archbiſhop's coachman without any further impediment, drove up to the palace door; and the moment the good prelate alighted, he ſent his people to afford all poſſible aſſiſtance to thoſe who might have ſuffered in the overturn; and with orders, if any perſon was hurt, to bring them into the palace.

The perturbation and alarm of Viola prevented her uncle from leaving her and going himſelf, as he otherwiſe would have done, to offer aſſiſtance to thoſe who might claim it; and ſhe had juſt finiſhed drinking a glaſs of water, which her uncle had made her take, when the ſtranger, whoſe gaze had ſo much diſconcerted her uncle and agitated her, entered the apartment leaning upon two of the good prelates's domeſtics. Haughty was his mien, while reſentment glowed on his cheeks, ſhot from his eyes, and ſounded in his voice.

'The accident I have juſt received,' ſaid he, 'muſt plead my excuſe for preſuming to enter here; and as a child of misfortune I claim from the benevolent prelate of Montreal an aſylum here until a carriage can arrive to convey me home.'

'My lord,' replied the archbiſhop, 'you well know that apology is unneceſſary; ſince you are not now to learn my doors and heart are never cloſed againſt the unfortunate or the penitent.'

The ſtranger's eyes flaſhed fire as he ſunk upon a couch to which the ſervants had ſupported him; while Viola, grieved and amazed at the ungracious coldneſs of her uncle's manner, ſtood irreſolute—humanity urging her to offer aſſiſtance to him whom her uncle's unuſual conduct ſeemed to proclaim unworthy of compaſſion. The archbiſhop, however, did not ſuffer her long to remain in this dilemma; for, taking her hand, he abruptly ſaid—

'Come my child, this is no place for thee—come then, and let us leave this gentleman to the care of theſe domeſtics.'

The archbiſhop had taken the hand of Viola to lead her out; but ſhe moved not one ſtep. Shocked, grieved, and aſhamed at ſuch cruel conduct, ſhe gently articulated in a voice of ſoft reproach—

'Will the archbiſhop of Montreal leave a wounded ſtranger, who has flown to him for ſuccour?'

The moment Viola's voice reached the ſtranger's ear, the ſcorn and rage depicted upon his fine countenance gave way to expreſſions of a very different nature: admiration and grateful ſenſibility played round his mouth and darted from his eyes, whilſt the intereſtingly lovely Viola ſtood looking touchingly up at her uncle, imploring that pity with her melting eyes for this ſtranger which, until now, he ſeemed to give with prodigal hand to all who claimed it.

The good prelate, viſibly affected, looked from Viola to the ſtranger, then from him to Viola; and at length benignly ſaid—'I will only go to bring him proper aid; but ſtay you here, my child—your ſoothing pity may beguile his pain till my return.' Then motioning for the domeſtics to depart with him, the door was cloſed upon Viola and the ſtranger.

For a moment Viola forcibly felt the awkwardneſs of her ſituation; but her native dignity, and a wiſh to be ſerviceable, ſoon baniſhing all embarraſſment, ſhe gracefully (although with a tremulous hand) preſented him with ſome wine, which the archbiſhop had in vain poured out for her.

'Let me recommend this ſpecific to you, ſeignor,' ſaid ſhe gently; 'it was the archbiſhop's preſcription to me. I was only frightened; but, as I fear you are ſeverely hurt, you much more require it.'

The ſtranger took the glaſs with a hand infinitely more tremulous than her own; then gallantly thanking her and wiſhing her health and felicity, drank off the wine; whilſt his fine and ſpeaking eyes ſtill remained rivetted upon her: then in the moſt inſinuating voice Viola had ever heard, he expreſſed his 'regret at her having experienced ſo ſerious an alarm; at the ſame time he rejoiced in being the material ſufferer, ſince ſhe had eſcaped any real injury from an accident that threatened each carriage with equal danger;' and concluded by ſpeaking 'of the joy her friends in Palermo would experience upon learning her eſcape.'

'I have no friend in Palermo, ſeignor,' replied Viola with a painful ſigh, 'but the archbiſhop of Montreal.'

The ſtranger looked anxiouſly at her, while he eagerly ſaid—'I wiſh not to hurt your feelings, believe me, lovely ſeignora, or appear impertinently inquiſitive; but your manner leads me to fear you have no parents.'

'Oh yes; thank Heaven, I have a mother!'

The ſtranger turned pale; his lips quivered, whilſt with painful agitation he articulated—

'Your father then is no more.'

'My father lives, ſeignor, but—he is the marcheſe of Palermo; and—' Viola, ſhocked at what ſhe had ſo far inadvertently ſaid, ſuddenly ceaſed, and ſpread her beautiful hands over her face to hide her emotion, while the trickling tears ſtrayed through her taper fingers on her ſnowy boſom.

'And,' exclaimed the ſtranger in a tone of agitation alarming to Viola, 'and you execrate, diſclaim the villain who has ſo ſhamefully thrown off his child?'

'My father is no villain!' ſaid Viola, riſing from her ſeat with all the dignity of offended majeſty: and caſting a look of ineffable diſdain upon the ſtranger, moved indignantly towards the door.

'Stay! but one moment ſtay, I conjure you!' exclaimed the now almoſt convulſed ſtranger with a look of ſupplication Viola found it impoſſible to withſtand; 'ſtay, and tell me truly—Do you not curſe your unnatural father? Has not your injured mother taught you to invoke the bittereſt maledictions upon his unworthy head?"

Viola

Viola ſhuddered; but, eager to exculpate her adored mother from ſuch a horrible imputation, firmly ſaid—'You know not my mother, elſe that inſult had been ſpared me. In my mother is compriſed every Chriſtian virtue; and, from my earlieſt days till now, it has been her care to teach me, and in the moſt impreſſive manner, the duty and reverence which I owe my father: and ſhould the marcheſe of Palermo ever allow me the happineſs to evince it, he will know how able has been the inſtructor, how willing the pupil; and you, ſeignor, will be convinced how cruel, how unjuſt, was that ſuſpicion which led you to ſuppoſe a pious mother ever taught her child to curſe its father.' Then with the bluſh of reſentment mantling on her cheeks, and the tears of wounded ſenſibility ſtreaming from her eyes, ſhe was about to quit the room, when the agitated ſtranger ſuddenly exclaimed—

'My child! my child! evince it now, and take me to your heart, as henceforth I take my long neglected child to mine.' And he claſped the aſtoniſhed, agitated Viola with ardour to his breaſt.

For one moment the remembrance of her mother's injuries taught her to recoil from her father's firſt embrace: but inſtantly the recollection of that mother's precepts conquered the impulſe; ſhe returned with fervor his embrace, then ſunk at his feet, and ſoftly articulated—

'My father, bleſs your child.'

The marcheſe ſunk on his knees beſide her. 'Join your prayers to Heaven with mine, my Viola, to pardon my injuſtice, my cruelty to you'

At this moment the good and venerable prelate entered the room, unobſerved by father and child. Pleaſed, but not ſurpriſed, at the ſcene before him, he advanced with a glad and pious heart, and on his knees poured forth his ſolemn benediction upon them both,

The marcheſe of Palermo had been only a few days returned from the carnival of Venice to his native city, when the before-mentioned proceſſion ſtopped the progreſs of his carriage; and well knowing his uncle's equipage, as his drew up alongſide of the archbiſhop's carriage, he eagerly bent forward to throw ſome of his reſentful looks at his eſtimable relation, who had for years refuſed all intercourſe with him, when the beautiful, intereſting Viola caught and arreſted his moſt earneſt attention.

His agitated heart inſtantly prompted a wiſh that this lovely creature might be his child; while, from her exquiſite beauty, his long unconquerable love for Julia led him to fear that this muſt be her daughter, whom he well knew to be under the guardianſhip of the archbiſhop of Montreal. But ſoon the ſudden bluſh, quickly averted eye, and the agitated graſp of the archbiſhop's hand, led him to ſuppoſe his wiſh realiſed; but that his child knew him, and had turned from him in reſentment and diſguſt. His buſy conſcience told him he well deſerved ſuch conduct; while mortified pride, with the torturing ſting of ſelf-reproach, awakened a violent glow of anger againſt the innocent cauſe of all this unuſual agitation. The archbiſhop's command to his people to haſten home, which of courſe the marcheſe heard, increaſed his indignation; and ſcarcely knowing what he intended, he madly ordered his coachman to turn (for he had being going a contrary way to his uncle), and to draw up again by the ſide of the archbiſhop's carriage. The delay the turning neceſſarily occaſioned prevented the marcheſe's coach from overtaking the archbiſhop's until arrived at the palace gate, when the accident occurred which our reader is already acquainted with.

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The marcheſe was but ſlightly hurt, but mortification and chagrin made him feel diſordered; and believing himſelf materially injured by the conculſion, and wiſhing for an opportunity of learning who the lovely companion of his uncle really was, he ſuffered himſelf to be led into the archbiſhop's preſence, where the conduct of the faſcinating Viola ſoon convinced him that he was perfectly unknown to her. Her bluſh and averted face he now rightly attributed to youthful timidity; and, more anxious than ever to learn if ſhe was indeed his child, or only Julia's, he reſolved not to leave the houſe until he gained that information his hopes and fears ſo eagerly panted for. The penetrating prelate, well verſed in all the turnings of the human mind, ſaw in the agitation his nephew betrayed ſomething that whiſpered hopes of reconciliation; and calling the domeſtics away, he quitted the room, reſolving not to interfere, but to leave all to nature and the faſcination of his beloved Viola.

The marcheſe, happy almoſt beyond concealment at this unexpected event, eagerly and artfully turned his converſation to the ſubject of her parents, to learn who was ſo bleſſed with ſuch a child; and if, as he each moment more fervently wiſhed, ſhe was his own, to learn if poſſible the opinion ſhe had been led to form of him. All turned out moſt flattering to his hopes, and far beyond the expectations that conſcience formed. He had no intention, when their *tête-à-tete* commenced, to avow himſelf as her parent, ſhould ſhe prove to be his child: but the bewitching power of nature conquered—the pure and filial virtue of Viola awakened every dormant worthy feeling. Nature gave the ſignal, and the father reclaimed the libertine.

CHAP. LII.

THE marcheſe of Palermo, by the archbiſhop's deſire remained at his palace until the bruiſes he had ſuſtained in his overturn were perfectly recovered; and, at the marcheſe's earneſt requeſt, Viola continued there alſo, as his companion and his nurſe. Her not returning to St. Roſolia's was occaſioned by ſuch an unexpected fortunate event, that it perfectly reconciled her delighted mother to being for a time bereft of the ſweet ſociety of her adored child; whilſt the now little leſs adoring father found each day, each hour, new cauſes for admiration, for exultation, in the expanding perfections of his lovely child, whom he now could ſcarcely bear one moment from his ſight—angry at every cauſe that occaſioned her abſence, ſuſpicious of every delay, jealous of her affection for her mother and uncle, and trembling leſt, when the time arrived that he could no longer reaſonably prevent her viſiting her mother, ſhe ſhould return to him no more.

At length every inconvenience the marcheſe had experienced from his accident was paſt, and he anxiouſly wiſhed to ſtrike the wondering world with admiration and delight at the perfections of his child; and he courteouſly aſked the archbiſhop's leave for Viola to accompany him to his own palazzo, theſe to remain ſome time with him—yet firmly reſolved, ſhould uncle or mother object, to claim his right as a father, and take her by force of authority. The archbiſhop was too politic, and the tender marcheſa too happy at the auſpicious proſpects of her child, to think of a refuſal; and Viola accompanied her father to his palazzo, without the earneſt wiſh of her heart being gratified by viſiting her mother.

Our reader has been already told the marcheſe of Palermo was vain, and paſſionately fond of notoriety. Viola was his own; and next to being admired and talked of himſelf, to have his child the object of public ap-

plauſe

plauſe and converſation was moſt congenial to his wiſhes. Viola then, attired with all the elegance and ſplendour of taſte and affluence, was preſented to the great world at Palermo by her exulting father.

(To be continued.)

A Tour through Holland, along the Right and Left Banks of the Rhine, to the South of Germany, by Sir John Carr, Author of the Stranger in Ireland, a Tour round the Baltic, &c.

THE extraordinary ſucceſſes of the French have, for ſome time paſt, almoſt entirely cloſed the avenues of the continent againſt us; we have heard but little, and that but very imperfectly, of the internal policy of thoſe countries which have unhappily fallen under French domination; or, what is equally fatal in its reſult, under French influence. It is with pleaſure, therefore, we turn our attention to a tour made ſo lately as during laſt ſummer and autumn in that part of Europe, in which the arms or terror of the enemy have ſo irreſiſtibly prevailed.

This muſt be our apology for giving, contrary to our practice, an account of this work in the preſent place.

A ſhort time before ſir John Carr viſited Holland, the Dutch, who ſeem to have been long deſtined to the broils of war and a variety of revolutions, experienced a new political change; they beheld their government tranſmuted from a republic into a kingdom, and a new dynaſty of princes created for them by that wonderful and malignant ſpirit which has ſo long embroiled the repoſe of the world.

Our touriſt alſo continued his route along the right and left bank of the Rhine, the latter of which now forms the frontier of the French empire towards Germany; and alſo through ſeveral of the ſovereignties which have been incorporated into a confederation, by which the imperial dignity ſo long exerciſed by the houſe of Auſtria in Germany has been annihilated, and Bonaparte declared chief of a new circle of feudatory princes.

In the preface ſir John Carr ſtates that the tour was taken amidſt many untoward and embarraſſing circumſtances, the melancholy effect of war, and therefore trails that his pages will be peruſed with indulgent candour. It will naturally be aſked under what protection the author ventured upon a foreign and a hoſtile ſhore? this we know not better how to explain than in the author's own words, 'the public ſhall be my confeſſor.' 'In the ſummer of the laſt year, whilſt the larger portion of the civilized world was anxiouſly awaiting the reſult of our ſincere negotiations for a peace, which, alas! the crafty miniſter of Napoleon never intended ſhould be other than mere '*Romans politiques*,' the deſire of contemplating a country and a race of people to me entirely new, induced me to treſpaſs upon their ſhores.—I reſolved upon viſiting Holland, although in a ſtate of reluctant war with my own country, of a war which yet permitted to her commerce a few ſtolen embraces with that of England, and which forced many a puffy Dutchman to lament the ſeparation, and in the narcotic atmoſphere of his conſoling pipe, wiſh for better times. In gratifying my wiſhes, I was guilty of aſſuming a character reſpected in every country for its being moſt wiſely and profitably at peace with all the world, as for its integrity and enterprize.

'I became an American, and by an act of temporary adoption fixed upon Baltimore, in North America, as the place of my nativity.' Our author alſo obſerves, 'The ſtratagem,

if not perfectly blameleſs, was at leaſt intended to be an inoffenſive one. I had no hopes of a peace, and conſequently none of ſeeing Holland in a more regular mode.

'I went not to inveſtigate the nakedneſs of the land, and by availing myſelf of its confidence to penetrate the military depôts, the dock, and arſenal of a country not in amity with my own. I abhor the character of the ſpy, moving in a friendly garb, however uſeful his treachery may be to his employers. My impoſition extended no further than to enable me to make a picturesque tour through an almoſt aqueous kingdom, to view its natives in their ordinary habits, to glide upon their liquid roads, to ſaunter in their green avenues and flouriſhing gardens, and trace the wonderful reſults of that daring and indefatigable ingenuity which has raiſed the permanent habitation of man in the ocean, and made ſucceſsful roads upon the phyſical order of the univerſe.' After ſuch a confeſſion, we ſhall not withold our abſolution.

At Rotterdam, every object particularly ſtriking is properly noticed, particularly the ſingular manner in which nearly all the houſes are built, ſo as to lean conſiderably forward in the ſtreet, which we do not recollect being noticed by other travellers. We alſo find (what is generally conſidered to be otherwiſe) that mendicity exiſts in Holland as well as in other countries. Upon this ſubject ſir John Carr remarks: 'I ſoon found that the received opinion of there being no beggars in Holland, is perfectly erroneous. I was frequently beſet by thoſe ſons and daughters of ſorrow or idleneſs, who preferred their petition with indefatigable purſuit, but in ſo gentle a tone, that it was evident they were fearful of the police.' In his account of this city, ſome curious and intereſting anecdotes are given of the family juſt raiſed to the throne of Holland, to which we refer our readers. In ſpeaking of the Dutch language, our author obſerves: 'It is generally underſtood that the language of Holland is divided into high and low Dutch, whereas there is but one pure language as in England, which is called neder Dutch; the language of the Netherlands, or of a country lying very low. In Holland, as in every other country, there is a variety of provincial idioms; for inſtance, a raw native of Friezland would not be underſtood at Amſterdam.' The Dutch have been long celebrated for the harmony of their chimes, or as they are called carillons, of which the following intereſting account is given: 'This ſpecies of muſic is entirely of Dutch origin, and in Holland, and in the countries that formerly belonged to her, can only be heard in great perfection.

'The French and Italians have never imitated the Dutch in this taſte; we have made the attempt in ſome of our churches, but in ſuch a miſerable bungling manner, that the nerves of even a Dutch ſkipper would ſcarcely be able to endure it. The carillons are played upon by means of keys, communicating with the bells, as thoſe of the piano-forte and organ do with ſtrings and pipes, by a perſon called the carilloneur, who is regularly inſtructed in the ſcience: the labour of the practical part of which is very ſevere, he being almoſt always obliged to perform in his ſhirt with his collar unbuttoned, and generally forced by exertion into a profuſe perſpiration, ſome of the keys requiring two pounds weight to depreſs them. After the performance the carilloneur is frequently obliged immediately to go to bed. By pedals, communicating with great bells, he is enabled with his feet to play the baſe to ſeveral ſprightly and even difficult airs, which he performs with both his hands upon the upper ſpecies of

of keys, which are projecting ſticks, wide enough aſunder to be ſtruck with violence and celerity by either of the two hands edgeways, without the danger of hitting either of the adjoining keys. The player uſes a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, to prevent the exceſſive pain which the violence of the ſtroke neceſſary to produce ſufficient ſound requires. Theſe muſicians are very dexterous, and will play pieces in three parts, producing the firſt and ſecond treble with the two hands on the upper ſet of keys and the baſe, as before deſcribed. By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it; that ſpirit of induſtry which pervades the kingdom, no doubt originally ſuggeſted this ſudorific mode of amuſing a large population, without making it neceſſary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy it. The Britiſh army was equally ſurpriſed and gratified by hearing upon the carillons of the principal church of Alkmaar their favourite air of 'God ſave the king,' played in a maſterly manner as they entered that town.' Sir John Carr obſerves that the ſame thrifty ſpirit, united to the beneficial effects of public and expanded education, preſerved the monuments and works of art in Holland from violence during the fury of the revolution which annihilated the ſtadtholderate.

An intereſting account is given of the revolution, which changed the republic into royal government. In the new conſtitution, which is given nearly at full length, (and which, by the bye, unneceſſarily ſwells the volume), we notice the following ſtriking features: the guarantee of the national debt; the fair and unqualified exerciſe of religion; the predominant, or, as we think, ſir John Carr ought to have called it, the *deſpotic* authority veſted in the king. The eſtabliſhment of the ſalique law, that only natives ſhall be eligible to any offices under the ſtate, excluſive of thoſe immediately appertaining to the king's houſehold; that the royal revenue ſhall be two millions of florins, or about two hundred thouſand pounds; and that the royal palaces ſhall be confined to three, namely, the Hague, the houſes in the wood, and at Soerdyke. As this conſtitution has not yet had time to ſhew whether its fruits will be palatable to the Dutch or not, the author contents himſelf with merely, and we may add perhaps unneceſſarily, ſubmitting it to the comment of our readers.

The deſcriptions of the ſeveral towns through which ſir John Carr paſſed, are enlivened with brief but intereſting, and not generally known, anecdotes of the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the Dutch painters.

It appears that the Hague has materially ſuffered by the revolution, much more ſo than the commercial towns, owing to the reſources which they derived from a high and unſubdued ſpirit of commerce and enterprize, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of Britiſh blockades, and the vigilance of Britiſh cruiſers. We alſo find that the univerſities here participated in the melancholy effects of war, which has very much reduced the numbers of its ſtudents, by attracting them to the army.

The principal objects in Amſterdam are briefly noticed. In the deſcription of the ſtadt houſe, there is a curious account of the priſons and the ſtate of the priſoners confined in dungeons, which form part of the foundation of that ſtupenduous pile, which muſt prove intereſting to every humane reader.

Of the canals in this great city our author thus ſpeaks;—'the canals of this city are very convenient, but many of them moſt offenſively impure; the uniform greenneſs of which is checquered only by dead cats, dogs, offal, and vegetable ſubſtances

of

of every kind which are left to putrify at the top, until the canal scavengers remove them; the barges used on these occasions present a very disgusting appearance; the mud which is raised by them forms most excellent manure, and the sum it fetches in Brabant is calculated to be equal to the expence of the voyage. Some of the most eminent Dutch physicians maintain, that the effluvia arising from the floating animal and vegetable matter of these canals is not injurious, and in proof, during a contagious fever which ravaged this city, it was observed that the inhabitants who resided nearest the foulest canals were not infected, whilst those who lived near pure water only in a few instances escaped; but this by no means confirms the assertion, because those inhabitants who lived adjoining to foul canals were inured to its contagion, from its habitual application; for the same reason medical men and nurses generally escape infection, from being so constantly exposed to it.'

The ladies of Holland are spoken of very handsomely by our tourist, and are represented as observing the French fashions in their attire. There is a charming anecdote given in the account of the resuscitation societies, of the heroic humanity displayed by the present emperor of Russia, in saving a poor fellow-creature from a watery grave in Lithuania. Our fair readers will smile at the account given of a very singular establishment, called the work-house of Amsterdam, where 'husbands upon complaint of extravagance, drunkenness, &c. duly proved, send their wives to be confined, and receive the discipline of the house; and wives their husbands, for two, three, and four years together.'

From Holland sir John Carr departed for the Rhine, where he met with ample subjects for his pen and pencil.

In the beginning of chap. 22, a singular adventure which occurred to the author, is related, in which his liberty, if not his life, was in imminent peril, and displays by what artful stratagems the French police is supported.

A description of the principal cities on the right and left banks of the Rhine, and of their political and social state, since the horrors of war have been removed from them, is given. The author proceeded as far as Darmstadt, when hostilities, which were just commenced against Russia and the state of the continent, obliged him to return.

The volume is embellished with twenty exquisite engravings by a distinguished artist, from drawings made on the spot by sir John Carr, and is in no respect inferior to his other productions. Though in some instances the lively imagination of sir John Carr leads him into the error of verbose composition, and words are sometimes more redundant than ideas; —though the sober narrative of the traveller sometimes condescends to supply original information by the records of magazines and the collections of newspapers; and the simplicity of good sense yields to the unmeaning melody of poetic nonsense, —yet will the lines of sir John Carr not only amuse the hours of leisure, but improve those of thought.

When the 'bird's eye view' which our author takes of a country is considered, the greatest credit is due to his industry and observation, and our wonder is excited, not at his opportunity to see so little, but at his ability to write so much. He appears indefatigable in his study of countries and manners, and his remarks and observations are in general well expressed, penetrating and just. Upon the whole, we recommend this work to the notice of all those who cultivate a spirit of inquiry, and are interested in the state and history of other nations.

Account

Account of John Ellis, from 'Southey's Specimens of the later English Poets.'

'It is wonderful, fir, (faid dr. Johnfon), what is to be found in London. The moft literary converfation that I ever enjoyed was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-ferivener, behind the royal exchange, with whom I at one period ufed to dine generally once a week.'

'John Ellis, who is thus honourably mentioned, attained to civic, as well as literary, honours; he was a common-council-man, deputy of Broad-ftreet ward, and was four times maiter of the feriveners' company. His mother was one of the fierce old Calviniits; fhe had him flogged at fchool for looking at a top on a Sunday, which had been given to him the day before.

'The fmall pox had injured the fight of one of his eves in infancy very materially, fo that when he was advanced in life, he could only ufe the other to draw, write, &c. with the help of a glafs. But by fome unaccountable operation of nature, when he was fourfcore years of age, the fight of that eye became fuddenly darkened, and the one which had been ufelefs refumed its faculties, fo that he faw better than before. The change occafioned no pain or fenfation whatever; it occurred during a walk by moonlight, and its immediate effect was, that though he faw the path diftinctly, he could not keep it, but deviated to the right, and fo much that his companion was obliged to lead him home.

'All the feafons of relaxation from bufinefs he employed in walking: and when he was queftioned on his omitting to go to church, his ufual reply was—Nathan walked with the Lord.

'For more than twenty years he was in the habit of writing verfes, fome of which appeared in the collections of Dodfley, and of his friend and correfpondent Mofes Mendez; his only feparate publications were, 1. The Surprife; or, the Gentleman turned Apothecary, 1739, verfified from a Latin tranflation of a French original.

'The canto added by Maphæus
To Virgil's twelve books of Æneas,
From the original Bombaftic,
Done into Englifh Hudibraftic,
With notes beneath, and Latin text
In every other page annexed. 1758.

'Moft of his works remain in manufcript: there is among them a tranflation of Ovid's Epiftles ready for the prefs, which Johnfon, it is faid, advifed him to publifh.

'The very curious fpecimen of his tafte and poetry is copied from the European Magazine, which contains an account of this happy and remarkable man at fome length, and a good portrait.

'*Sarah Hartop's love letter verfified.*

'The following epiftle was written by a girl at Deal, to her fweetheart, a failor on board a man of war in the Downs. (THE ORIGINAL.)

'*Lovin Der Charls.*

'This with mi kind lov to yow, is to tel yow, after all owr fport and fon, i am lik to pa fort, for i am with child, and wors for all, mi fifter Nan nos it, and cals me a hore and bich, and is redy to ter my fol owt, and Jack Peny lis with her every tim he cums athor, and the faci dog wuld hav lade with me to, but i wold not let him, for i will be always oneft to you, therefor der Charls, cum athor and let us be mared to fat my vartu; and if yow hav no munni, i will paun mi nu ftas and fel mi to no fmoks you gav me, and that will pa the parfon and find us a diner: and pra der Charls cum athor, and dont be afraid for want of a ring, for I hav ftol my fifter Nans, and the nafti tod fhal never hav it no mor, for fhe tels about that i am goin to hav a baftard,

and,

and, god bles yor der lovin fol, cum sune, for I longs to be mared accordin to promis, and i will be your der vartus wif tel deth.

Sarah Hartop.

Feb. 7, 1734.

'P. S. Pray dont let yor mes-mat Jack see this if you do hel tel owr Nan, and shel ter mi hart owt then, for she is a divil at me now.

TRANSLATION.

Dear object of my love, whose manly charms
With bliss extatic filled my circling arms!
That bliss is past, and nought for me remains,
But dire reproach, and never pitied pains;
For, death to mine, and food for other's pride,
My sister has my growing shame descried;
Even she assails me with opprobrious name,
When the prude's conscious she deserves the same.
Her loose associate fated from her flies,
And vainly to seduce my virtue tries.
True as a wife; I only want the name,
O haste and weed me, and preserve my fame.
And if your present power will not afford
To see the priest, and spread the nuptial board,
The finery which your fondness did bestow,
Full freely to supply that want shall go.
With love alone attired; love all my guide,
Oh could I see myself your naked bride;
No dame I'd envy for her jointured lands:
Love scorns the lawyer's mercenary bands.
Nor shall you want the mystic ring of gold,
My sister Ann's my finger shall enfold;
To me, but just that forfeit for the wrong
My love sustains from her licentious tongue.
Then haste away, and strike detraction dead,
The nuptial feast awaits you, and the bed:
Fail not; my hope, my banished peace restore;
Confirm the truth, you plighted me before;
Nor fear the bond that will endure for life
With me your loving and your faithful wife.
P. S.—These earnest dictates of my anxious heart,
I beg you will not to your friend impart.
For oft beneath fair friendship's specious show
The traitor lurks the undermining foe.

Singular Fashions.

THE rage of fashion is not confined to the female sex in Europe alone; it extends its fantastic sway over the whole globe; and proud as our fashionable belles may be of their refinement in dress, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that they will never succeed in eclipsing the inventive genius which the fair-ones in the interior of America display in the disposal of their attire—though it consists of nothing else but the skin with which kind nature has furnished them.

No female Indian in America would be so indecent as to go abroad *naked*; the women in the interior of America being invariably compelled, by the tyranny of custom, to appear in public completely dressed, which they perform by besmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a great variety of figures in different colours; and travellers protest, that when thus arrayed they appear to great advantage at a distance.—Another article of their dress consists of large teeth of fishes, suspended from their ears, which hang down to the shoulders, the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earliest infancy, and the holes gradually extended so much, that a hand might pass through. They wear rings in their nostrils, which hang down to the upper lip, a necklace composed of monkies teeth, and bracelets consisting of shells; ornaments which render them objects irresistibly bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taste and fashion.

The women of a certain Indian nation in America consider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greatest personal charms, and in order to put their girls in possession of this singular accomplishment, the mothers fasten strong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ancles, which they wear

wear all their life. These rings, obstructing the free circulation of blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; whence the calves attain a most astonishing size, which affords to the Indian belles a charm, whose all conquering power no young Indian gentleman is able to resist. The beaus of the ladies with these bulky calves wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in size completely correspond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An assembly of this nation, consisting of naked men with enormous wigs of feathers, and of girls with calves of such an unnatural size, must exhibit as ridiculous a sight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of fashion in the 16th century, when the former wore enormous artificial posteriors stuffed with horse-hair, and the latter bellies of an astonishing size, consisting of cushions filled with husks.

The Achaguas reckon it one of the most charming ornaments to wear large artificial whiskers, covering half of the face, and uniting on the chin. These whiskers are so durable that nothing is capable of removing them. The mother takes a fish's tooth as sharp as a lancet, tattooing with it the figure of a pair of whiskers on the lips, cheeks, and chin of the child, and after having wiped off the blood, rubs the incision with a black powder, which produces the figure of a pair of whiskers never to be effaced.

The Omaguas, a nation of the kingdom of Quito, make small syringes of gum elastic, one of which is presented to each of their guests when they give an entertainment. Omission of this act of civility would be looked upon as a mark of an utter want of good breeding, and the application of a clyster, in the presence of the whole company, before they sit down to dinner, is reckoned by them as necessary for the purposes of cleanliness, as the washing of hands on the same occasion in the eastern countries. The ancient Romans are known to have taken a gentle emetic during dinner, in order to make room for an additional quantity of victuals, a custom of which the fashionable world at Vienna are likewise accused by several travellers, though we have great reason to suspect that this charge is utterly unfounded, and nothing but the effect of a foolish desire of saying something new, though at the expence of truth.

Camire. An American Tale.

I WAS one day reproaching a Spaniard, lately arrived from Buenos Ayres, with the cruelties which his countrymen had committed on their first conquests in America. I recalled to mind, with horror, the crimes which had tarnished the glory of a Cortez, a Pizarro, and many other heroes who have, perhaps, by their talents and valour, surpassed all that we admire in the ancients; and regretted, that so glorious an epocha in the Spanish history should be recorded on blood-stained pages.

My friend had hitherto listened to me with patience; a tear rolled down his cheek when I pronounced the name of Las-Casas. 'He is our Fenelon,' exclaimed he, 'he did not compose Telemachus, but he explored America to save a few Indians; and traversed the seas to defend their cause at the council of Charles the fifth, as the archbishop of Cambray did that of the protestants, whom the French also massacred in the Cevennes. They were still persecutors at the end of Louis the fourteenth's reign: and what were we? What was Europe in the 16th century ever to be commemorated by our great discoveries, by the flourishing state of the fine arts in Italy, by the new sects in Germany, and by the crimes

of

of every country? Our neighbours, the Portugueſe, put to the ſword thoſe they conquered on the coaſt of Malabar, on the borders of Ceylon, in the promontory of Malacca. The Dutch, who drove them away, were not leſs cruel. In Sweden, the northern Nero, and the archbiſhop of Upſal, were aſſaſſinating the ſenators and citizens of Stockholm. In London the pile was lighted for the Lutherans and catholics; and the ſcaffold was already erected which was to be ſprinkled with the blood of four queens.* At Paris, you doubtleſs remember the name of the Guiſes, and the horrid night of the 24th of Auguſt, 1572. I will ſay no more, let us not reproach each other: we have all been barbarians, but leave to hiſtory the melancholy employment of recording the crimes of our forefathers, and let us, if poſſible, only recall to our minds their good deeds, and endeavour to imitate them. You have repeated to me the terrific detail of the conqueſt of Peru: I was but too well acquainted with it; allow me to relate to you, in my turn, the manner in which we acquired Paraguay. This recital will be leſs irkſome, and may, perhaps, inform you of ſome circumſtances which are not related in hiſtory.

Not knowing well how to anſwer, I determined to liſten; and the Spaniard commenced in the following words:—

Travellers have made the world acquainted with that extenſive and delightful country, ſituated between Chili, Peru, and the Brazils. The gold and ſilver mines which it contains are the leaſt of its treaſures. The mildneſs of its climate, the fertility of its lands, the majeſtic courſe of its rivers, its immenſe foreſts, the productions of Europe united with thoſe of America, the abundance of its fruits and of every uſeful animal, make the inhabitants of Paraguay enjoy, almoſt without cultivation all the gifts which nature had ſhared among the reſt of the world. Sebaſtian Cabot was the firſt that explored it, in the year 1526, while ſailing up the river which he called the Rio de la Plata. The bars of ſilver which the natives offered the Spaniards, ſoon attracted other navigators. Buenos-Ayres was built, ſome fortifications were erected in the interior of the country; and, at laſt, a ſettlement was formed at a place called the Aſſumption, on the borders of the river Paraguay.

The natives, at the ſight of our ſoldiers, had abandoned their country, particularly the Guaranis, a numerous and powerful people, who fled amidſt inacceſſible mountains, the roads to which were totally unknown to us. Several detachments had endeavoured to penetrate into them, but our warriors periſhed in the attempt, either through hunger or the arrows of the ſavages. Thus all communication was ſhut between the Spaniards and the Guaranis; the lands remained in their uncultivated ſtate; and the colony, reduced to aſk ſuccour of Europe, could not proſper.

It was in this unhappy ſituation, at the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, when don Fernando Pedreras was ſent there as governor. A man of his character was not fit to recall the Guaranis; the haughty and tyranical Pedreras wiſhed that every one ſhould bow beneath his laws. Proud of his authority, and incited by the deſire of augmenting his wealth, avarice and pride were the ſole inmates of his heart. He was ſoon deteſted by the coloniſts: and the few Indians, who now and then brought proviſions, ſoon totally diſappeared to join the Guaranis.

Among the laſt miſſionaries arrived at Buenos Ayres was an old jeſuit called

NOTE.

Anna Bullen, Catherine Howard, Jane Grey, and Mary Stuart.

called father Maldonado. Never did there exist a worthier priest, nor did the word of God issue from purer lips.

It was neither ambition nor remorse that had led him to seek the sanctuary of the cloister. Maldonado, pious from his infancy, endowed by nature with a mild and tranquil soul, only alive to benevolence, and who only fought for peace and virtue, had taken the vows at the age of eighteen, to enjoy the one, and preserve the other. From that moment his life had been devoted to the relief of humanity, in seeking the unfortunate, as an affectionate heart seeks for friends. Rich in the possession of a considerable patrimony, he had dissipated it little by little in sharing it with the afflicted; and at the age of sixty he perceived he had nothing remaining, and then begged of the king to send him to America. 'I have nothing more to bestow,' said he: 'let me quit a country where I behold my fellow-creatures in want; at Peru every one possesses gold, but they know not the gospel. I will preach it to them, and it is a rich treasure I shall distribute among them.

On his arrival at the Assumption, father Maldonado was astonished to find, instead of the Indians he came to convert, nothing but christians, who stood greatly in need of consolation. He was the more zealous; hastened to visit the colonists, and found the means of gaining their confidence, listened to their complaints, relieved them, and became their advocate towards their inflexible governor. The good jesuit was blessed by all, and even respected by Pedreras, who since his arrival had displayed less tyranny, for it is in the nature of virtue, and perhaps its recompence, to render better all those who approach it.

One day as Maldonado was walking alone, some distance from the town, while ascending the banks of the river, he heard screams and sobs, and distinguished on the edge of the water a naked child violently agitated, by the side of a man who was lying on the ground. Maldonado ran towards the child; who was a boy of about twelve or thirteen; his face bathed in tears, he sobbing embraced, and endeavoured to animate the lifeless body of a man apparently between thirty and forty, naked like the child; his hair wet and in disorder, and bearing on his pale face the marks of long fatigue, and a painful death.

As soon as the child perceived Maldonado, he ran to him, knelt before him and embracing his knees, and fixing his eyes upon him, his countenance seemed to express piety, affection and despair, he pronounced a faultering voice, which the jesuit could not understand, the language being unknown to him, but which did not the less affect the worthy father. He raised the child and allowed himself to be led towards the body, which he examined and found perfectly cold and lifeless. The unhappy boy contemplated the jesuit, attentively watched all his motions, and continued to speak to him in his unintelligible tongue; but when he comprehended by Maldonado's gestures that all hope was fled, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, tore his hair, then suddenly started up rushed precipitately towards the stream.

Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado swifter than the child, caught and held him in his arms, and forgetting that the young savage could not understand him, sought to calm his grief with consoling words. As he wept while speaking the child comprehended his meaning; returned his caresses, always pointing to the corpse, while pronouncing the name of Alcaipa, then turning towards the river, he pronounced that of Guacolde; he laid his hand on his heart and bent over Alcaipa, then again

turned to the river and repeated feveralti mes Guacolde. Maldonado who fought to read his thoughts, foon comprehended that the dead favage was his father, and was called Alcaipa ; but he could not make out why the child always extended his arms towards the river. while calling on the name of Guacolde.

After feveral hours fpent in ufelefs efforts to engage the child to accompany him to the town, Maldonado who would not leave him, fortunately perceived a foldier paffing, and defired him to go to the Aſſumption and feek for aſſiſtance.

The foldier obeyed, and foon returned with the furgeon of the hofpital, who examined the body and confirmed the jeſuit's opinion, that it was dead. At the entreaty of Maldonado the furgeon and foldier dug a grave in the fand, where they laid the corpſe, while the good father forcibly held the boy, who redoubled his tears and lamentations.

Maldonado at laſt ſucceeded in conducting the young favage to his home ; laviſhed on him the moſt ſoothing careſſes, offered him food, and after much difficulty, prevailed on him to take a ſmall quantity. The child did not appear inſenſible to his kindneſs ; but often kiſſed his hands, and looking mournfully in his face, would again begin to weep. Thus he paſſed the night without cloſing his eyes. As ſoon as the dawn appeared he made ſigns that he wiſhed to go out. Maldonado opened the door and followed him. The boy bent his ſteps towards the ſpot where his father was interred. When he reached it, he knelt on the grave, kiſſed it ſeveral times and remained for a conſiderable ſpace proſtrait upon it. He afterwards aroſe and performed the ſame ceremonies beſide the river ; then returning to the jeſuit, he raiſed his eyes to Heaven, pronounced mournfully the names of Alcaipa and Guacolde, made a ſign which ſeemed to expreſs that they no longer exiſted ; and threw himſelf into the arms of Maldonado, as though to make him underſtand that having loſt every thing on earth he gave himſelf to him.

The good father's benevolent attentions ſoon won the ſavage boy's affection : as mild as he was grateful he ſeemed to delight in obeying his commands, and even ſought to anticipate them. He conſented to wear clothing, and accuſtomed himſelf with little trouble, to habits which he did not underſtand, and which often were repugnant to him. But a ſign from his benefactor reconciled him to every thing. Endowed with a lively underſtanding and an excellent memory, he very ſoon knew enough of Spaniſh to comprehend the jeſuit. The firſt word he learned, and which ſtruck him particularly when he knew its ſignification, was that of father, by which every one addreſſed Maldonado : O my father, ſaid he, I had loſt the hope of ever again pronouncing that name : but it is to thee I owe this happineſs ; and I ſee you are the beſt of men, for every one call you their father.

As ſoon as he could anſwer the good jeſuit's queſtions, he informed him of his birth and his misfortunes ; it was at the tomb of his departed ſire that the youthful ſavage related his hiſtory.

'My name is Camire,' ſaid he ; 'I belong to the nation of the Guatanis, whom your brethren the Spaniards have driven from theſe plains, and who now inhabit the woods behind thoſe blue mountains. I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guacolde. They had been tenderly attached to each other all their lives, and ſince my birth all their affection was centered in me. When my father took me to the chaſe, my mother accompanied us ; and when my mother detained me at home, my father remained alſo with us. My days

days were ſpent with them and at night I repoſed in their arms. If I was happy they did not fail to be the ſame, and our hut re-echoed with their ſongs; if I was ill, they were overwhelmed with grief, and if I ſlept they gazed upon me, and my ſlumbers gave them repoſe.

'A nation called the Braſilians who I ſuppoſed had been driven away by your brethren, came and attacked us in our foreſts. A battle was fought, and the Braſilians triumphed. My father and mother, obliged to fly, haſtily built a canoe of bark, in which we placed all that we poſſeſſed, which conſiſted of two hammocks, a net, and two bows; we then embarked on the great river, without knowing where to land, for the Braſilians were behind us, and we trembled at the thoughts of advancing towards thy countrymen.

'The river had overflowed its banks, and in its courſe carried away large trees: our canoe was overturned. My father ſupported me with one arm while he ſwam with the other. My mother who had for ſome time been ill, ſwam with difficulty, yet ſhe alſo aſſiſted in ſuſtaining me. But fatigue ſoon exhauſted her ſtrength as well as mine; Alcaipa obſerved it, placed us both on his back, and ſwam in this manner for ſeveral hours, but could not land on account of the rocks that edged the river. The rapidity of the current dragged him on, he felt himſelf become weak, but concealed it from us: we were incapable of ſupporting ourſelves above water. At laſt when we arrived near this plain where the river widening forms a ſea, my father exclaimed: we are going to periſh my dear Guacolde! I cannot with my double burden reach the ſhore. If you had ſufficient ſtrength to follow me for a few moments, perhaps——. My mother without hearing any more let go her hold and immediately diſappeared crying, ſave our ſon! and I die happy.

'I would have followed my mother; but Alcaipa held both my arms in his hand. He made a laſt effort to croſs the river, reached the ſhore laid me on the ſand, kiſſed me, and fell dead at my feet.

'You my father ſoon arrived. You know the reſt.'

The jeſuit could not hear this relation without weeping: he did not endeavour to conſole the young ſavage; he did not tell him to dry up his tears, but ſhed ſome with him, and Camire's ceaſed to flow that he might wipe away thoſe of the worthy old man.

Maldonado's paternal affection ſoon won the heart of the ſenſible Camire. He ſtudied at his ſchool, and learned to read and write with aſtoniſhing facility. The pious miſſionary ſpoke to him on the ſubject of religion, and deſcribed it according to his own feelings. His eloquence which flowed from the ſoul ſoon reached that of his pupil, who eaſily believed the good father's words, becauſe he ſaw him daily put them in practice; he accompanied him to the hoſpital, to the poor and the ſick, when ſeated on the bed of diſeaſe; Maldonado calmed the grief of the unfortunate by his conſolatory diſcourſe. But when he ſhared with the Indians his frugal repaſt, and even his clothing, and the young ſavage admired his charity, 'My ſon,' would the jeſuit exclaim, 'this is not ſufficient, my god is the father of the poor, of the orphan, of the afflicted; they are his favourite children, it is thus we muſt aſſiſt each other if we wiſh to pleaſe him.'

Charmed with theſe divine precepts, and impatient to follow ſo pleaſing an example, Camire aſked to be baptized. This deſire filled the miſſionary's breaſt with joy, and he flew to acquaint the governor with it.

Pedreras

Pedreras offered to ſtand god-father to the converted American; all the Spaniards made him preſents, and the jeſuit buſied himſelf in endeavouring to enſure an independency to his new proſelyte.

The credit and conſideration which Maldonado enjoyed in the colony, and even in Spain, inſured him an eaſy means of procuring Camire various ſituations. At ſixteen his education finiſhed, and the jeſuit's pupil learned more than moſt of the coloniſts. He underſtood Latin, was well acquainted with mathematics, well read in hiſtory and poetry, as well as all Spaniſh works of celebrity. His intelligent mind had profited by what he had read; he loved books, and underſtood them well, and often culled more real philoſophy from them than the author himſelf profeſſed.

Maldonado, whom he aſtoniſhed by his genius, ſpoke to him ſeriouſly on the neceſſity of chooſing a profeſſion which would lead him to fortune; he propoſed to him the ſtudy of the law, the army, or commerce, and with his uſual indulgence, left him a free choice. Camire thus replied:

'The only error of which I find you guilty, my father! is that of believing that fortune, which you ſo often mention, can be neceſſary for my happineſs. I know very well from what I have read, and from the information you have given me concerning your Europe, where the whole of nature's gifts only belong to a ſmall part of its inhabitants; where the poor are condemned to ſerve the rich, to be allowed the right of breathing the air, and feeding on the fruits of the earth—I can eaſily conceive that in that country every means are employed, juſt or unjuſt, to leave the extenſive claſs of thoſe who poſſeſs nothing, to become a member of the one that enjoys every thing. But look around you, my father! look at theſe almoſt unbounded plains, where the maize, the ananas, and a crowd of other ſalubrious plants grow before our eyes, almoſt without cultivation: look at thoſe immenſe foreſts, filled with cocoa trees, pomegranate, lemon, and citron trees, and many other delicious fruits, which nature creates with leſs trouble than you have in repeating their names; all thoſe belong to me, I may enjoy them; and the population of Paraguay will not for a long time be ſufficiently great for men to divide this extenſive country, name a maſter for each ſpot of land, and deprive their ſucceſſors of the gifts of nature.

'As to thoſe employments, which I know not for what reaſon you call profeſſions, I will frankly confeſs that none of thoſe you deſcribed pleaſed me. I do not like your laws, inſufficient, uncertain, and often contradictory; of all the books you have made me read it is theſe I have found the moſt tedious; and as we never acquire well what we diſlike, I will not learn them, nor waſte my time as many have done. War makes me ſhudder. I admire, I love the courageous man, who, if his wife, his children, or country be attacked, takes up arms, and braves death in defence of his brethren: that man is not a warrior, as he is erroneouſly called in your country; he is a man of peace and juſtice, for he defends the one and the other. But for me, born a Guarani, to engage my life to ſell my blood to the king of Spain, to ravage the earth, or deſtroy men according to his will! no, my father, the religion you have taught me prohibits this, and I have yet to learn how your Spaniards accord this profeſſion with their duty as chriſtians.

'Commerce at firſt pleaſed me; I thought it charitable and agreeable to croſs the ſea, and ſpend one's life in labour and danger, to carry diſtant nations the aſſiſtance they ſtand

in need of, to share with the large family of mankind the gifts of our common father; but, upon further investigation, I discovered the motives which actuated this charity, I discovered that the honestest merchants did not scruple to give savages deadly weapons, and to intoxicate them with strong liquors, to conclude their bargains to advantage. In short, I have seen them bring Africans from their own country, and here expose them for sale in the market place, like cattle!—Sell our brethren!—Oh! my father, this is galling commerce!—My friend! I will not be a merchant!

'Let me then remain what I am. You may smile, and make me understand I am nothing; but I assure you I am something, and something tolerably good and tolerably happy; thanks to thy care I enjoy health, a good conscience and am prepared at this instant to appear before the God of mercy, and the only regret I should feel would be that of leaving you. Innocence, my father! is an excellent profession; allow me to have no other. Beside you, I want for nothing; and if I had the misfortune to lose you, I would return to my woods, there our trees would afford me satisfaction, and thy memory would detain me in the paths of virtue. Let me then enjoy in peace the happiness you have bestowed upon me. We have perused many large books on what men denominate felicity. I could form a little treatise, which might be reduced to these two lines:—To preserve the heart in its native purity, and to know how to renounce those things which are of little consequence.'

Maldonado was at a loss for a reply to his young philosopher's arguments. He agreed that the disciple had surpassed the master, and smiling asked Camire to instruct him in his turn. But it was ordained that this wisdom should soon be put to the test.

A few months previous to this conversation, a ship from Cadiz had brought to the Assumption, a young niece of the governor's, whom her father don Manuel, Pedreras's younger brother, had left a portionless orphan. Her relations thought the best way of getting rid of the incumbrance of a poor girl was to send her to America, where her uncle had the reputation of being rich. Pedreras received her with more surprise than joy; he was at first tempted to send her back to her other relations in Spain, but Maldonado's representations prevented him; he contented himself with making them some very severe reproaches for having troubled him with her, and consented, through a forced humanity, to allow his brother's only child to remain in his house.

It will naturally be imagined that the young lady did not enjoy much happiness with Pedreras; she knew well, and every day observed that she was a weighty burden. Trembling with the fear of irritating her uncle, certain of displeasing of him, she kept a strict watch over her smallest actions, paid the most minute attention to his commands, and thought herself extremely happy when she escaped being rebuked. She had just attained her sixteenth year, and was called Angelina, and truly worthy of that name, by her beauty, elegance, amiable disposition, and more particularly by the qualities of her heart, which were inestimable.

It was impossible to see her without feeling an affection for her; those who loved her dared not confess it; her pure soul was devoid of vanity, allied to virtue, that it might be thought one in those who experienced it.

Angelina often sought the solitude of the country. Profiting by the liberty which the colonists enjoyed, fo... wing

followed by a ſervant, ſhe walked out every evening to contemplate the face of nature, breathe the perfume of flowers, liſten to the birds' ſongs, and admire the ſetting ſun. Theſe were her only pleaſures, and ſufficed her mild and placid ſoul, always quick at appreciating the good and ſatisfied with her condition.

In her walks ſhe had often remarked a young man, who each day at the ſame hour repaired to a certain ſpot, where he remained kneeling for a conſiderable time, and afterwards returned to the town. Angelina who had little curioſity, had avoided meeting him; but one evening as ſhe was returning home later than uſual, and paſſed near the ſpot, a monſtrous ſerpent, of the ſpecies called hunters, ſo common in Paraguay, raiſed its head above the long graſs, and hiſſing with threatening rage, ſprung towards Angelina. The terrified girl ſcreamed aloud, her attendant ran away with all poſſible haſte, and ſhe attempted to follow her; but the ſerpent purſued her, gained ground, and had nearly reached her, when Camire appeared, holding a leathern ſling, the uſe of which the Peruvians ſo ſkilfully underſtand. He threw the running knot at the reptile's head, then flying with extreme quickneſs, dragged with him the ſtrangled monſter.

Angelina had fainted. Camire approached, aſſiſted her, and recalled her ſenſes; he then ſupporting her tottering frame till ſhe arrived at her uncle's dwelling, received her grateful thanks with bluſhes, and left her experiencing a mixture of anxiety and confuſion which he had never before felt.

He immediately repaired to Maldonado to acquaint him with what had happened. The joy the good father felt at Angelina's eſcape, the intereſt he took in her fate, and all the praiſes he beſtowed on her, augmented Camire's confuſion. While liſtening, he appeared wrapped in thought, and paſſed a ſleepleſs night. The next morning he aſked the jeſuit, with ſome embarraſſment, whether it would not be proper for them to wait on the governor to inquire after his niece's health. Maldonado agreed, and they repaired to the houſe. Pedreras received them with much politeneſs, re-aſſured them reſpecting Angelina's health, and invited them to ſpend the day. The young Guarani again ſaw the fair Spaniard, converſed freely with her, and inhaled on all ſides the conſuming flames of love.

The hiſtory of Alcaipa, and the praiſes which the good jeſuit delighted to beſtow on his adopted ſon, were the ſubject of the converſation. Angelina, who did not loſe a word, kept her eyes bent on the ground, a livelier hue overſpread her cheeks, and a ſecret emotion agitated her heart. From Maldonado's recital ſhe comprehended the cauſe why Camire ſo often viſited the river's banks. His piety and filial love redoubled the gratitude ſhe felt for her amiable deliverer. She was happy that it was he who had ſnatched her from the arms of danger; and was pleaſed to be compelled to beſtow her eſteem on ſo good a youth, but dared not raiſe her eyes upon him.

A very ſhort time ſufficed the young lovers to make each other ſenſible of what they felt, and to aſſure them, without the aſſiſtance of words, that their love was mutual. Angelina kept the ſecret which her eyes had betrayed; but the ingenious Guarani confided all his thoughts to the jeſuit. In burning words, he deſcribed to him the paſſion which filled his ſoul, and declared a thouſand times that death alone could extinguiſh it; that he was ready to undertake every thing to become worthy of her hand, and concluded by aſking his aſſiſtance to attain this happineſs.

Maldonado liſtened to him with

grief. 'Oh! my ſon,' ſaid he, 'how you afflict me, and how many evils do you prepare for yourſelf. You, who are acquainted with our morals, our cuſtoms, our reſpect for birth, and our paſſion for riches, can you ſuppoſe that the governor of Paraguay will conſent to beſtow his daughter on a ſtranger!—an unknown, who poſſeſſes nothing; and whoſe project is, after my death, to go and live among the ſavages his brethren. The contempt in which you hold the vain idols which corrupted men adore I have not ſought to combat in you, my ſon—I have held it ſacred; but when a human being pretends, my dear Camire, to be above the errors inherent to humanity, he muſt renounce love: for that paſſion is ſufficient to place us within the reach of all the prejudices of mortals, and all the caprices of fortune. You excite my pity, my child! all remedies and advice are at preſent uſeleſs; it is hope that you ſtand in need of, and my affection would vainly ſeek to miſlead me a while in order to deceive you. I only know of one method which might ſucceed: the governor's avarice might perhaps make him forget thy birth, if we could give him a large ſum of gold; but neither you nor I poſſeſs this valuable metal'——

'Gold!' haſtily rejoined Camire, throwing his arms round the old man's neck, 'rejoice my father! it only depends on me to procure ſome; the mountains where I formerly lived are filled with it; I know the road which leads to it. I will fetch as much gold as you deſire; you ſhall offer it to the governor, and for ſo vile a gift he will beſtow on me the moſt beautiful, the moſt virtuous being of the univerſe; and this fatal metal, which has been the cauſe of ſo many crimes, will ſtill make two people happy.'

The good jeſuit, whoſe heart always beat at the ſound of happineſs, ſhared his ſon's joy. The next day he repaired to Pedreras; but knowing well the character of him he wiſhed to gain over, thought he might be allowed to employ a little cunning. He began by ſpeaking of the difficulty of eſtabliſhing Angelina in a way ſuitable to her birth; he then made him underſtand that by diſpenſing with nobility ſhe would find huſbands that would conſider themſelves very happy to lay a large fortune at her feet, and even to pay the uncle for the honour of his alliance; and ſeeing this overture did not diſpleaſe Pedreras, he concluded by propoſing his pupil, with an hundred thouſand ducats.

E. R.

(To be continued.)

A Night Walk in May. By J. M. L.

'Silence and darkneſs! Solemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient night, who nurſe the tender thought
To reaſon, and on reaſon build reſolve,
Aſſiſt me!' YOUNG.

THE lovely month of May, with all her train of bloom-bedecked attendants, had appeared, to bleſs the growing year.

'Soft as the ſlumb'ring infant's ſigh'

was her balmy breath: all nature felt its genial influence; the birds warbled their grateful thanks to nature's God for his beneficence: and delighted man might exclaim—

'How ſoft is now the gently-paſſing breeze;
How ſweet the cowſlip that bedecks the vale;
How pure the green that decorates the trees;
How full of melody the wood-bird's tale;
How rich the landſcape burſts upon the ſight;
How ſtill the ſtreamlet wanders on its way!
No more we find dull Winter's length'ning night,
But hail the ſofteſt hour of Spring's bright day.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

Bloomfield,

Bloomfield, in his 'Farmer's Boy,' has displayed the ruſtic occupations of ſpring with great beauty: among the reſt, the deſcription of Spring and her attendants with Giles's employment as a ſhepherd, are particularly pleaſing.

'Neglected now the early *daiſy* lies;
Nor thou, pale *primroſe*, bloom'ſt the only prize:
Advancing SPRING profuſely ſpreads abroad
Flow'rs of all hues, with ſweeteſt fragrance ſtor'd;
Where'er ſhe treads, LOVE gladdens ev'ry plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train:
Sweet *Hope*, with conſcious brow, before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer ſkies;
All nature feels her renovating ſway:
The ſheep-fed paſture, and the meadow gay;
And trees, and ſhrubs, no longer budding ſeen,
Diſplay the new-grown branch of lighter green;
On airy downs the ſhepherd idling lies,
And ſees *to-morrow* in the marbled ſkies.
Here then, my ſoul, thy darling theme purſue,
For ev'ry day was Giles a ſhepherd too.
Small was his charge: no wilds had they to roam;
But bright incloſures circling round their home.
Nor yellow-bloſſom'd furze, nor ſtubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:
Yet ever roving, ever ſeeking thee,
Enchanting ſpirit, dear variety!
O happy tenants, priſoners of a day!
Releas'd to eaſe, to pleaſure, and to play;
Indulg'd through ev'ry field by turn to range,
And taſte them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their graſſy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the preſent good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And ſtarve and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon paſture, how they prur along.
Giles round their boundaries takes his uſual ſtroll;
Sees ev'ry paſs ſecur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a neſtling firſt eſſays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine faintly ſtreak'd with red,
And reſts on every bough its tender head;
Round the young aſh its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours ſweet.
Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and ſeen
Spring's morning ſmiles, and ſoul-enliv'ning green;
Say, did you give the thrilling tranſport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry cluſters by your ſide?
Ye who can ſmile, to wiſdom no diſgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If ſpotleſs innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praiſe, or gives reflection birth;
In ſhades like theſe purſue your fav'rite joy,
Midſt Nature's revels, ſports that never cloy.'

Such was the ſeaſon, and ſuch had been the day preceding my preſent walk. The fragrant ſweetneſs of the air, loaded with the eſſence of a thouſand bloſſoms; the ſtill ſerenity of the ſky, without a cloud to darken its ſtar-crown'd glory; the plaintive ſong of night's peculiar bird, and the diſtant cadence of a well-known waterfall, were all circumſtances congenial to the moment, and to the ſtate of my mind. A year, a little year, had elapſed, ſince a father, my only remaining parent, has ſought the 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.' And ſhall twelve trifling months make me forget him?—forbid it, every grateful feeling of my ſoul!—Never can I forget him; never can I ceaſe to remember his unceaſing goodneſs to me. It may, perhaps, not be faſhionable to ſeem to poſſeſs any feeling, or to remember any kindneſs that a parent has ſhewn towards his neglected offſpring: apathy *may* rule the votaries of faſhion, but ſhall not be numbered amongſt my catalogue of frailties—for frail is every child of man, weak as the reed that trembles in the ſtorm!

My

My steps were pointed to the silent depositary of the dead; there, undisturbed, I could vent the still murmurs of my pensive breast; there I could call to recollection, uninterrupted by the voice of man, my parent's every act of affection; I could, with fancy's soothing aid, picture his form as it was when health shed her influence over it; and thus live over again, as it were, my better moments of existence. But, ah! fancy too, with fickle mind, pictures his hours of pain, pitilessly pictures his departing moments. Heaven knows, I dread not the remembrance; no scream of agonising conscience fraught the dreadful hour with horror; no bitter recollection of studied sin disturbed his dying thoughts; no pang but that of bodily pain was felt. Oh! 'twas an awful moment! but it was a very satisfactory one. To see a parent die most assuredly is a painful task; but to see him die happy, to feel confident that his sainted spirit will be so, is consolatory in the highest degree. I know not a greater satisfaction than the recollection of having soothed my parent's last hour on earth, of having knelt by his bedside when nature yielded up her trust, and in a long, last sigh, his soul sought its heavenward course.

'For e'en the bed where life expiring lies,
So fraught with terror to the feeble mind,
Causes no fear when there a *good man* dies,
Who fixes hope on Heav'n, to death resign'd.

'So have I seen my life's best friend expire
Without a murmur at each pang of pain.
Fall fast my tears; embalm an honour'd sire,
Whose spirit fled without one sinful stain.

'Father of ev'ry good that here we know!
Lord of all space! Omniscient King of Heav'n!
Mercy's great God!—best friend of human woe!
To whom eternal honour should be giv'n!

'Grant all the griefs that press upon my soul
May teach it humbleness to thy commands;
Teach it to bend to Mercy's just controul,
And bless the chastening of thy holy hands!

'And when the feebly-beating pulse of life
Shall point the path to Nature's op'ning tomb,
May blest Religion banish sinful strife,
And like my parent may I meet my doom!'

Author's Poems.

Having ended my melancholy visit to the grave of my father, I returned home; for I did not feel inclined, after such a course of thought, to extend my ramble, or let my loftier tone of mind sink to more unworthy objects than those on which it was fixed. But ere I wooed the goddess of repose, I gave my late sensations the following elegiac form:

'Silence has clos'd the scene of noisy day;
Soft-breathing Eve approaches, meek and slow;
Whilst I, a lonely being, seek my way,
To pour on Night's still ear the plaint of woe.

'The glare of day may suit the son of pride,
But unto sorrow's eye its beam gives pain;
The mournful stillness of the even'ning tide
Affords an hour when woe may safe complain.

'And such an hour is this; for on the breeze
No sound is borne to strike the timid ear,
Save the soft zephyr sweeping through the trees,
Whisp'ring its wild solemnity of fear.

'And that is pleasing to the ear of grief,
For trifles oft o'er misery have countroul;
It darts one feeble ray of soft relief,
It seems to speak of peace, and soothes the soul.

'In yonder grove the rocks are hush'd to rest,
Within their nests the topmost boughs among;
The light wing'd lark his lowly bed had prest,
The glossy blackbird has forgot his song.

'The distant glimm'ring from the cottage door,
Where chinks betray the taper's trembling light,
Now disappears; its gleam is seen no more,
And sleep serene awaits the rustic's night.

'The baying yard-dog ceases now his cry,
In calm security he sinks to rest;
And many a child of woe neglects to sigh,
While untought slumber lulls his troubled breast.

'My footsteps bear me where the moss grown pile
Sheds in the moon-beam softer tints of shade;
Where grandeur sleeps beneath the gloomy aisle,
The crimson'd coffin low in splendour laid.

'There the tall tomb uprears its pompous head,
With verse high-sounding, and with praise spread o'er;
As though the fulsome theme could please the dead,
Or soothe them on Eternity's vast shore.

'But Time will mock the artist's feeble pow'r,
Will make the tell-tale marble's surface plain;
And with the silent, slowly-moving hour,
Will into ruin rock even yon proud fane!

'Round the lone walls is many an humbler grave,
Where rest as quiet from the world's worst storm
The village matron, or the great man's slave;
Wrapt in their turf-bound tombs, they sleep as warm.

'What matters now the mighty man's lost pow'r?
Or what the troubles that the swain once bore?
Lost is the grandeur of the festal hour;
The poor man feels his heaviest griefs no more.

'The lab'rer who has toil'd here finds a bed
Of soft repose from ev'ry ill of life;
No more he meets the coming day with dread,
No more he fears the bitter pang of strife.

'The blust'ring son of Mars, whose trade was war,
Here sleeps as mildly as the simplest swain,
Whose bloodless battles never left a scar,
Whose wars were only with the bending grain.

'The soldier sweeps with devastating hand,
And leaves destruction where he found delight;—
The rustic's toil bedecks a smiling land,
And leads the corn-blade into life and light.

'Which the most useful of these fellow men?
I scarcely need inquire, for all will say,
Him, surely, who can teach the barren glen
To teem with life, and bless the toil-fraught day.

'Here, quite adjacent, lie the miser mean
And spendthrift, prodigal of all his joys;
Who, though in life together ne'er were seen,
Here huddled close, escape from all its noise.

'And here the sorrowing son of anguish sleeps,
Freed from the pang that stole his bosom's peace;
Now from his couch no more he starts and weeps,
But all his woes and all his sorrows cease.

'And here I come to shed the tender tear,
That falls in memory of a father's love;
For here I linger'd o'er his mournful bier,
And here the luxury of grief can prove.

'While night-airs murmur in my pensive ear,
I call to mind his venerated form;
Nor find, while thus employ'd, a timid fear,
Nor heed the loud approaches of the storm.

'For 'tis a debt to gratitude I owe,
A debt that gives a pleasure as I pay;
It leads the mind its inmost thoughts to know,
And points to Heav'n's eternal happyday

'No sculptur'd stone, 'tis true, points out the place,
Where rest his ashes; but affection's eye
The honour'd spot with greater care will trace
Than if the praise-encumber'd tomb was nigh.

'Yet, if an epitaph had mark'd the spot
That now contains the form so late held dear,
This only should have told his former lot,
This only should have drawn sweet friendship's tear.

EPITAPH.

'HERE lies entomb'd a friend, a father true;
Who, as this pensive vale of tears he trod,
This one short maxim ever kept in view—
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Antient

Antient Navy of Ireland. Extracted from a moſt induſtrious and ſatisfactory Hiſtorical Compilation now publiſhing, entitled the Naval Hiſtory of the United Kingdom, &c. &c.' by Lieut. Andrew Wilſon, Royal Navy.

ANNO 958.—The Danes made their appearance again with a moſt powerful fleet on the coaſt of Ireland, practiſing their uſual barbarous enormities, when Kennedy, prince of north Munſter, fitted out a large fleet, the command of which he gave to admiral O'Failbhe Fionn, king of Deſmond, and an officer well ſkilled in maritime affairs. The Daniſh earls, ſons of Turgeſius the tyrant, commanded their forces, who were expert archers, and well armed with ſwords and ſhields. And Sitric was admiral of their fleet, that was conveniently moored in the bay of Dundalk,* on board of which all their forces were embarked, with a view of quitting the iſland: when O'Keeffe ſent off a flag of truce to demand of Sitric the bodies of Ceallachan† and Dunchuain, but the Danes returned for anſwer: 'that the priſoners ſhould not be reſtored, until the eric was firſt paid for the Danes who fell in fifteen different battles with Ceallachan and his forces.'

Dunchuain‡ was bound to the round top of the king of Norway's ſhip. The captains O'Driſcol, O'Cobbtach, and O'Flan, commanded in the van of the Iriſh fleet, the whole of which carried a preſs of ſail to reach the bay before the enemy fled. At laſt they eſpied and neared them, when the van began the attack on that of the enemy, the Iriſh line of battle being regular, and extended ſo as to prevent the Danes from eſcaping. Showers of arrows, ſtones and lances were darted from machines and ſlings with great rapidity; but finding theſe miſſive weapons dealt death ſo ſlowly, they boarded during the confuſion the Danes were thrown in, from this unexpected attack. Admiral Fionn, at the ſame time, fell on board Sitric's flag ſhip, and with irreſiſtible force boarded her ſword in hand, where he ſpied Ceallachan* tied with cords to the main-maſts; this ſpectacle inſpired him with freſh courage, and he reſolved to deliver the king at all events: accordingly he laid around him with incredible fury, killed many of the Danes, until he was enabled to cut the cords and ſet the Iriſh monarch at liberty, putting a ſword in his hand, he adviſed him to take upon himſelf the command of the ſhip from whence he came, and leave him to engage the Daniſh admiral, whom he had made no queſtion to give a good account of. His majeſty complied with the propoſal, and admiral Fionn continued on board the Dane, behaving with ſignal courage, but at laſt was overcome by numbers, and fainting with loſs of blood, he was ſlain; and to diſcourage his followers, they hacked and mangled his body, cut off his head, and diſplayed it at the maſt head of Sitric's ſhip, to inſpire the Danes with freſh courage. Thus fell the brave O'Fialbhe Fionn, after he had diſpatched many of them to the other world: Sitric and his brothers, Tor and Magnus were ſenſible that the loſs of their ſhip would occaſion the ruin of their fleet, they therefore ſhewed themſelves able ſeamen and commanders, acting with reſolution and intrepidity at the head of their body guards, that for ſome time the fortune of the day ſeemed to be on their ſide, and they began to perceive a diſtant proſpect of victory. But Fiongall, a valiant and

N O T E S.

* North part of the county Louth.

† King of Munſter that had been taken priſoner in a battle fought previous.

‡ A prince of Munſter.

N O T E.

* O'Hallaran's Hiſtory ſays he was laſhed to the round top.

expert

expert Iriſh ſea captain, reſolved to revenge the death of his admiral, whom he followed on board the Dane, and maintaining his poſt with incredible reſolution, he bravely ſlew the foremoſt of the Danes that were oppoſed to him, and the decks of the ſhip were covered with blood; the numbers of the enemy were much ſuperior to the Iriſh, and they continued the fight, and ſupplied the place of the ſlain.

Fiongall finding himſelf unable to keep longer poſſeſſion of the Daniſh flag ſhip, and aſhamed to retreat to his own, after a momentary recollection, determines to die glorioufly, when by a ſudden effort he cloſed with Sitric, graſping him firm, and plunged headlong with his country's enemy into the ſea, where in the diſorder of the fight, they both periſhed. Seadhna and Connall, two undaunted Iriſh ſea captains, fired with the glory of this action, fell upon the Danes with redoubled fury, and reſolved to put an end to the diſpute, they made their way through the enemy to Tor and Magnus, ruſhing violently at them, they caught them both in their arms, and with them plunged into the fathomleſs deep, where through the confuſion they were all loſt. O'Connor Kerry and his diviſion met the ſame oppoſition, and after much carnage, attacked hand to hand the Daniſh commander, whoſe head he cut off, and whilſt expoſing it to ſtimulate his men, he ſhared the ſame fate by the hand of a Dane.

The Danes aſtoniſhed at the deſperate exploits of the Iriſh, began to abate of their courage, and the Mamonians perceiving they gave way, purſued the advantage with ſucceſs, boarding moſt of the Daniſh fleet, where they killed and deſtroyed without diſtinction, till victory finally declared in favour of the brave Iriſh; but it was bought at the expence of much blood, as many of their brave officers and men periſhed; nor is this to be wondered at, when we conſider that the Danes were good ſeamen, perfectly ſkilled in maritime affairs, likewiſe reſolute, bold in enterpriſe, and defying all danger, reſolved to ſell their lives at a dear rate; for upon the ſucceſs of this action depended, not only their preſent ſecurity, but likewiſe their future peace and eſtabliſhment in the iſland. The hiſtorian who has delivered down to us the account of the action, relates, that this fight between the Iriſh and the Danes was the moſt dreadful and terrible of any that ever happened on theſe coaſts in early ages: for the officers eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves on both ſides, nor were the ſeamen and ſoldiers deficient in their duty, ſo that the ſlaughter was ſurpriſingly great, for no leſs than dominion and liberty was the price of victory.

The army of Munſter that ſtood upon the ſhore in ſight of the engagement, were diſtracted becauſe it was out of their power to aſſiſt their countrymen, who were engaged with great advantage, ſo that the event remained doubtful, as the Danes had all their land forces on board, which yet were not a match for the Iriſh ſeamen who behaved with wonderful perſeverance and bravery, and would have entirely deſtroyed the Daniſh fleet,* only ſome of their light gallies were enabled to make their eſcape, but were chaſed by the victorious Iriſh, yet without ſucceſs. Hiſtory can ſcarcely produce an inſtance of a more ſevere battle, or ſo dreadful a carnage! Of all the Iriſh chiefs that were engaged on that day, not one eſcaped death; the captains all ſhared the ſame fate, and very few of the ſoldiers or ſailors who were not killed or wounded, fighting almoſt knee deep in blood. The fleet now returned to the ſhore, and were received by

NOTE.

* Thoſe they took, they burnt.

the

the army and their country with open arms and acclamations, more particularly at the ſight of their king and *Dunchuain*, who had obtained their liberty by this victory: nor was *Ceallachan* leſs pleaſed with his deliverance, retaining a grateful ſenſe of the loyalty and bravery of his people.

Complaint of Letter U.

To the Editor.

SIR,

TO the feeling heart, and the mind that mourns over miſeries not its own (and ſuch, I make no doubt, you eminently poſſeſs), how cutting it is to know that an old and eſteemed friend has been baſely deſerted by thoſe to whom he had given every aſſiſtance in his power, and that for no reaſon whatever, except, indeed, the perverſity of human nature whiſpered it in their ears, and led them to do wrong for right, merely becauſe it was ſo!

When I tell you that I am the letter U, you will recogniſe in me an old intimate of your own, but will probably wonder what can have prompted me to addreſs this epiſtle to you; I will explain that, ſir, as briefly as may be, conſiſtently with my deeply-wounded feelings.

You are aware, ſir, that I am one of thoſe uſeful little gentlemen called vowels, without one or other of whom not a word in the Engliſh language can be formed, and who have generally more employment than the reſidue of the four-and-twenty our tribe conſiſts of. Lately I have diſcovered, much to my mortification I muſt confeſs, that ſome revolutioniſts in literature have contrived to turn me out of ſeveral places I had held for ages, and this, ſir, in defiance of all rules of common civility, or common ſenſe. I will mention a few of them; *candour*, *honour*, *favour*, *humour*, *fervour*, *labour*, and *valour*, ſome of the fineſt endowments of human nature, are, by theſe would-be-great men, ſo altered as to be hardly known at firſt ſight: they are now become, *candor*, *honor*, *favor*, *humor*, *fervor*, *labor*, and *valor*.

All this I could have borne, while confined to the paltry poetaſter, or newſpaper ſcribbler; but I could not contain my paſſion any longer, when, a ſhort time back, I happened to take a peep into the third volume of Pratt's Harveſt Home, publiſhed not long ſince, and wiſhing to look at a poem moſt deſervedly admired, but which, whatever the world may think, I aſſiſted materially in compoſing, I opened it at the republiſhed poem of 'Sympathy,' and read for ſome little time with pleaſure, but was abſolutely horrour-ſtruck at the reading of the following couplet:

'When far beyond the buſy world's *control*,
'Nature our guide, we opened all the ſoul.'

If this is the caſe, thought I, *controul* is loſt to me for ever, if a man whoſe head is grey, and whoſe years ſhould beſpeak him of the good old ſchool of common ſenſe, will thus ſpurn me from him: indeed it ſtruck me, he might with equal propriety have altered the word ſoul, to *ſol*, which as a *Latin word* would have had *ſome meaning*.

This over-bearing folly of the new ſchool, in treating me with ſuch unmerited contempt, is already ſpread ſo wide, that I ſhould not at all wonder to ſee *poultry* become *poltry* and the faſhionable word *ſaunter*, *ſanter*; that *thought* will be converted (*perverted* I mean) to *thoght*; that *generous* will change to *generos*; that *becauſe* will be iriſhed to *becaſe*; *without* become *withot*; and, in the mercileſs jaws of this *devouring* mania,

mania, *devour* will be softened to *devor*.

Thus, sir, you will perceive that I am in imminent danger of being ousted from the common wealth of letters, unless some strong allies join me against the enemy, whom I hope to find in the fair readers of your miscellany: female beauty and worth are always powerful, and most deservedly so; should I be so fortunate as to enlist them under my banners, success *must* attend me; and I do flatter myself, that in a cause so ancient as mine is (as old, I believe, as the tower of Babel), there can be little doubt of their doing so.

Another circumstance, though of infinitely less importance to me than what I have been mentioning, and which I am persuaded will soon have had its day, is the absurd daubs over our emporiums for toys, depots for pomatum, and shops of humbler capacity, in this metropolis. The Egyptian style I think they call it: in which I am treated with as little ceremony, and with much less judgment than amongst the butterfly tribe I have been speaking of: for here I am discarded altogether for my half-brother V, which, to say nothing of the clumsy and uncouth appearance it cuts, as *writing*, creates such a jumble of absurdities, as are sufficient to draw a smile from a stoic.

If a labouring man of slender education, or a countryman, were to meet with VRQVHART VMBRELLA MANVFACTVRER, neither of them would be able to decypher it. BVCKINGHAM, BVILDER, is as bad. In short, I could give you as many instances of it as would half fill your magazine; but, unless you are confined by the gout, you must in your perambulations have seen enough to disgust a man of your sense.

Now had they, in this instance, made a fair exchange between V and myself, I should not have been displeased, for that would have rendered the puzzle (*puzzle*, I should say) complete; for I am confident it is only meant to amuse the people for a time. We should then read UICKERY, UINEGAR MERCHANT; VVILLIAM, UETERINARY SVRGEON; UINCENT, UINTNER; and have such a charming *variety* of blunders, as no city on earth ever could have had to boast of before: in addition to this, could our parish histories be printed in the same style, we should read of a meeting at the *Uestry*, which *adjourned* to the *Uine Inn*, and enjoyed a *mouthful* of *uictuals* together.

I will conclude this tedious scrawl by saying, that if you are in good *humour* I trust you will do me the *honour* and *favour* to insert it in your miscellany; in which event I hope you will have *candour* sufficient to make you *labour* with *fervour* in my cause.

Do this, and I swear by my *valour* to stand by U as long as I can stand myself.

I remain, sir, Your's, &c.

The disconsolate Letter U.

Anecdote.

M—— N—RR—S, a young lady, who acquired a competent knowledge in the four most celebrated languages, having lately a very hot contest with J—m—s M—r—e, (a student in Greek and Latin) concerning the transformation of family names from one language to another; she affirming that they were the same in all the languages; but he, on the contrary, said, he could prove that all English names ending with a vowel, in Latin should have their termination in *us*—and that all Latin names in us, in Greek terminate with *os*—well, well, said the lady your argument proves you to be void of brains——*μωρος*, i. e. an ideot. H.

Clonmell, Oct. 1807.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On Human Life.

Parent of nature; Maker of the World!
Where'er thy Providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on,
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear?
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share.

CLEANTHES.

THERE is no period of our existence on earth that is of so much importance as that which we call our birth-day; for it announces in the most impressive language another portion of our time for ever gone into eternity, and for which we are accountable to the Judge of all the earth: but alas! it is to be lamented, that amongst the highest circles of society, a birth-day is attended with the most notorious acts of wickedness and debauchery; whereas it ought to bring to our recollection truths of importance. That human life is of consequence will appear, if we consider how much has been done by the human species. The works of art are so much diversified that fresh beauty will strike our sight, as we behold them. When we enter a large manufactory we have the wealth of a nation presented to our view; for it is astonishing in a time of peace, what a demand there is for our English and Irish goods—so that there must flow to our land a large revenue from the exportation of our wares. Nor are we to forget the industry of our husbandman who labours for the public good. The produce of the earth brings accumulated riches to a nation: and the improvement of waste lands is of great service to the state: so that the names of a Bolton and a Bedford will be handed down to posterity as great benefactors to their country. We may likewise remark the researches that some wise men have made in the knowledge of different countries in the course of a short life. How indefatigable was sir William Jones, as well as captain Cook, in making new discoveries? and it sometimes happens, that the lives of the most eminent men are very short. It may be for this reason that other genius in different men may be discovered to the world, whilst a variety of talents may be displayed. Who can read the life of Alexander the great, and not wonder at the exploits performed in so short a time? Nor have we occasion to go from Britain to discover a man renowned by sea as the most consummate commander—for the immortal Nelson, in a short life, raised the British navy to the greatest dignity and splendour. Who could conceive that Franklin, an obscure boy in Philadelphia, would raise the knowledge of electricity to the greatest eminence by the most simple experiments in the course of his life? but this has been done to the astonishment of the world—and the first cities in Europe have been charmed with his discoveries. The methods likewise taken by Providence to discover latent genius is wonderful, that would otherwise have for ever remained in the greatest obscurity.—We are informed in the life of Shakespeare, that his stealing a deer from a park near Stratford on Avon, was the cause of his going to London, to avoid the pursuit of justice. This nefarious circumstance laid the foundation for his future greatness; otherwise, according to all probability, his talents for dramatic writing would have been concealed from the world. Scripture history also furnishes us with another circumstance in the life of Joseph, to prove that the greatest good may come from the greatest evil; for his exaltation and the salvation of a country proceeded from the perfidy of his brethren, and the wantonness of his mistress. Who but the Almighty could conceive,

that

that a poor outcaſt impriſoned, would be the next to Pharaoh in Egypt?—Equally, if not more wonderful, was the preſervation of Moſes in an ark of bulruſhes, who was to be the deliverer of Iſrael.

We have no reaſon to doubt, but all mankind have given them by God, ſome talents to improve in the courſe of their lives, and we are called upon to improve them; but is it not to be lamented, that we have not improved them as we ought, eſpecially when we conſider the brevity of human life. Three ſcore years and ten is a very ſhort period for action, and how few alas! live to that age. The diſorders to which we are expoſed are ſo many, that our exiſtence may be much ſhorter in this world. Beſides, how many things happen unexpectedly to the moſt healthy.

'Maria was in her twentieth year—to the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive, had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her perſon, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed; and they had been attended with that ſucceſs which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by miſtaken fondneſs or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration—none ever felt it leſs;—with the charms of beauty, and the poliſh of education, the plaineſt were not leſs affected, nor the moſt ignorant leſs aſſuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

'The laſt time I ſaw Maria was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the gracefulneſs of her motion and the native dignity of her mien; yet ſo tempered was that ſuperiority which they conferred with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard either from the rivalſhip of beauty, or the envy of homelineſs. From that ſcene, the tranſition was ſo violent, to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that I thought it all a dream.'

T. M.

Nativitatis die,
March 11 [illegible]07.—*Kilkenny.*

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

Sketch of a Journey through Part of Ireland. *(Continued from Page 547.)*

NEAR Mullingar I could not but notice, amongſt numerous ſeats, the beautiful demeſne of lady Levinge. The manſion-houſe ſeems from the road, a large building, and as if there were piazzas to the under part. It is built on an eminence, and commands an extenſive view.—Juſt adjoining is that great collection of water Lough Ouil. The water is truly limpid, unlike the muddy waters of lakes in general; and of its many iſlands, though not very extenſive, one is very diſtinguiſhable from the road by which I paſſed.—There is the ruin of an old church in this iſland, and the lofty trees which proclaim the growth of many years, add to its venerable and romantic appearance. The lake extends a conſiderable diſtance, and I am informed that the canal company, by means of a collateral cut, have got an abundant ſupply of water they wanted much. I could but barely diſcover at the oppoſite ſhore, the beautiful ſeat of lord de Blaquire, called Port Lemon; however, I had the opportunity of ſeeing the ſituation, which was truly deſirable: it fronts this charming ſheet of water; and I underſtand from one of the inhabitants in that neighbourhood, that the houſe, garden, and demeſne of Port Lemon, are in a moſt princely ſtile. He informed me, I know not how true, but it ſeems to be authentic, that when Ire-

land

land was partially disturbed by a lawless banditti, that lord de Blaquire's steward or gardener, took every method to terrify his lordship from residing here, by stating groundless claims, for the purpose, no doubt, of enriching himself, by plundering his master in his absence; that at length, however, his lordship, finding those reports much exaggerated, determined to visit his mansion, and so rejoiced were his tenantry at seeing him, that he felt no alarm whatever, gave them a most sumptuous entertainment, and spent a considerable time amongst them in the most festive manner,

It often happens that false alarms of this nature, are productive of the worst consequences. I cannot but (with every lover of his country) deplore, that so many of its landed proprietors do not reside on their estates: travel where they may, can they meet with a more beautiful country, or more healthful climate than their own? All it wants is improvement —nature has been lavish in her gifts; but we must admit, that art has not seconded, nor cultivation improved the many advantages our country possesses.

I must pass by many interesting articles, which a tourist, who made some stay in the country, would enrich his description with, and be compelled, *en passant*, to put down my observations as quick as they met me on the way. The county I was passing through (Westmeath) is allowed to be one of the handsomest in the kingdom. You cannot indeed discover the bold cliffs, the high mountains, and the romantic situations of the county of Wicklow; but here are a most fertile rich country, beautiful hills, fine lands, several very handsome lakes, and grounds not desolate of timber; all those circumstances give it a kind of pre-eminence over many places I have seen.

About eight miles from Mullingar, is the village of Ballinalack—the houses are all thatched, and but one humble story; they extend a good length on the road, but are only built on one side. It seems a very poor unimproving place; however, adjoining the town, there is a handsome seat called Reynella, the residence of a mr. Reynolds, I believe a man of some note. About a mile further is the small village of Rathowen; here is a tolerable inn with post carriages. This place seems thriving—a market has been lately established weekly, and promises to be plentifully supplied. No object presented itself worthy of particular notice, until I proceeded a few miles farther, when I arrived at Edgeworthstown: just before I entered the town, I perceived the improved seat of mr. Edgeworth. The house has a very good effect from the road, unlike those demesnes which are surrounded with lofty walls, where the proprietor resides in a kind of secluded grandeur, and as if more on the defensive from the dreaded irruption of some barbarians, than living secure in the middle of his countrymen. But it must be acknowledged, that mr. Edgeworth is a man of taste, and by giving different views of his house from the road, has shewed himself a judge of perspective. On the whole I do not know a more beautiful demesne for its size;—the house is a very handsome building of three lofty stories, with under apartments; there are two wings, and the centre seems higher than the rest: its front appeared to me like Portland stone, which opens into a spacious lawn, where sheep and oxen enriched the landscape. The offices were barely seen in the midst of the wood behind the house; mr. Edgeworth, too, being a man of universally acknowledged skill in his rural improvements as well as in architecture, is also a man of letters, and a very good public speaker; he seems universally respected and beloved by

his tenants, if my information in that place is correct, which I have no doubt it is, as in other parts I was paſſing through, the inhabitants, with a bluntneſs and candour you would not expect, poured out plentiful execrations on unfeeling landlords and perſecuting agents, though ſome of the latter happened to be their guides to Heaven, and preachers of a goſpel that inculcates benevolence and mercy into the minds of all its followers and teachers. But to return from this digreſſion, (for you ſee I wander after all my promiſes) the chapel of Edgeworthſtown, planned by mr. Edgeworth, makes a ſtriking appearance almoſt oppoſite his houſe, ſeparated only by the road. It is a light handſome building, ornamentally planted about it, and capable of accommodating a large congregation. The church is ſomewhat off the road, which I could not ſo particularly obſerve on that account, but from the view I had, it looked very reſpectable, with a neat ſteeple and ſpire.

I generally entertain a high reſpect for the inhabitants whoſe houſes of worſhip are decent; and from the ſituation, which from the appearance of their town one may naturally expect. In a poor town we cannot look for lofty ſpires and Corinthian pillars; but whatever the building is, it ſhould be in good repair, without broken windows and unpropped roofs, if they are a godly people. I am juſt taking my leave of Edgeworthſtown by briefly ſtating, that it is a poſt town—is remarkable for one of the beſt horſe fairs in the kingdom—is compoſed of one ſhort ſtreet, ſeemingly no good houſe of entertainment; but though the town is not much enlarging, yet the houſes now erecting, (though ſome of them are out of the common rules of architecture according to mr. Edgeworth's different improved plans) are good ſtone buildings, two ſtories, and ſlated. Mr. Edgeworth has a corps of yeomen, and being of a mechanical turn, has erected telegraphs in various parts of Ireland. This gentleman is one inſtance of what a reſident landlord may do in improving his eſtate, as well as gaining the affections of his tenants; and I am convinced every traveller of taſte in viewing his improvements, will be much gratified.

Edgeworthſtown is ſituated about five miles from Longford, to which place I was haſtening; and having made little obſervations on the way, barely noticed a large building within two miles of Longford, formerly, I underſtand, belonging to a mr. Harman, now converted into a barrack, and capable of containing two or three companies of foot, who were exerciſing in front, at the parade ground as I was paſſing. The ſituation is well adapted for accommodating troops, and a kind of protection between theſe two towns, as many villages, I underſtand, are to the left and right, not always amenable to our wholeſome laws. The proteſtant charter-ſchool, within a mile of Longford, next met my view; for the building being a very poor and indifferent one, much cannot be ſaid—its ſmall extent points out viſibly that it contains but few boys. At length having arrived at Longford, the ſhire town of the county, I was much pleaſed with its appearance, being not inferior to Mullingar, has a tolerable trade for an inland town, and a very good weekly market on Saturday, to which there is a great reſort to buy linens and yarn, with which it is well ſupplied. There are ſome very good houſes in their main ſtreet: the ſeſſion-houſe in the centre of the town, is a good lofty building, with an elevated cupola and town clock: adjoining is the principal inn, which is one of the beſt I have ſeen in the country; it was built by lord Longford for the accommodation of his town, and if other landlords would follow his example, traveller

travellers would find much benefit in the accommodation, which in many parts of the kingdom (even where the towns are tolerable) can only be had in filthy cabins, and moſt inconvenient rooms. The jail is a new ſtructure, and of great extent. Adjoining is the church, which is a handſome neat building, has a ſmall ſteeple, but no ſpire. There is alſo a Roman catholic chapel, a new building and ſlated. There is a large horſe barrack, formerly the reſidence of the Packenham family, anceſtors to the preſent lord Longford; but by various additions and improvements, was made very extenſive. Over the river is a lofty bridge, with an inſcription, which ſeems to have been gilt, but from being much broken, I could not make it out. This bridge is a great thoroughfare, and from its preſent dilapidated ſtate, ſeems to call imperiouſly for a grand jury preſentment, to render it ſafe for paſſengers. Juſt adjoining the banks of the river, is a very large diſtillery; I underſtood it belonged to a mr. Cruiſe, and coſt ſeveral thouſand pounds in its erection—it makes a very handſome appearance. On paſſing through the town, I obſerved a very large ſcale of building in great forwardneſs, intended for a battery and barrack: it covers nearly three acres of ground, and muſt coſt a great ſum before it is completed; however, public works of this kind laid out in our own country, have the advantage of enriching particular places in it, as well as promoting the objects they are intended for.

Abbey-Boyle. W. P.

(To be continued.)

Anſwer to the Advertiſement Extra, inſerted in our laſt.

THE gentleman applied to in your laſt magazine for a family enamelled locket, by a lady who ſuſpects her having loſt it in his company, in an hackney coach, the 14th inſtant, acknowledges his being poſſeſſed of it; but begs leave to excuſe himſelf from complying with her requeſt of having it returned, as, from a high regard for it, he has inſeparably annexed it to a trinket of his own, which being a bequeſt of his parents, he is indiſpenſibly obliged to preſerve with the greateſt care, and cannot part with by any means, without expoſing himſelf to the juſt ſcorn and deriſion of all his friends. However, being willing to gratify the lady to the utmoſt of his power, he readily conſents that ſhe may amuſe herſelf with the toy, whenever ſhe is diſpoſed, provided ſhe engages on her honour to take proper care of it, and return it without damage.

N. B. He apprehends the lady muſt be a little miſtaken in aſſerting ſhe did not miſs it till next morning, as from certain circumſtances, he is pretty well aſſured ſhe muſt have perceived her loſs before they parted.

Female Order of Knighthood.

WITH regard to the fair ſex, this chapteral inſtitution of the order of St. Joachim, is not limited to any certain number. Noble birth, and good extraction—as, being deſcended from a gentleman; or the being married to a gentleman, whoſe birth and conduct are unexceptionable; entitles every lady, or dowager of a gentleman: and every young unmarried lady, to be received. They are diſtinguiſhed in the following manner:

Ladies-Grand-Croſſes,

Ladies wearing the ſmall Croſs; and,

Ladies-Novices.—

Thus they are claſſed in the regiſter; and take rank accordingly; deriving from their dignities ſuch benefits and advantages as are particularly attached thereto.

Each noble lady, gentlewoman or widow

widow, can be immediately received as a lady-grand-croſs; or ſhe can be received as a lady wearing the ſmall-croſs, until ſhe is in poſſeſſion of a commandery. But ſo ſoon as ſhe is in the immediate poſſeſſion of that dignity, ſhe is obliged to be received as a lady-grand-croſs.

A young lady muſt be at leaſt ſixteen years of age before ſhe can be admitted to the honour of receiving the ſmall croſs; and cannot be inveſted with the dignity of lady-grand-croſs until ſhe enjoys a commandery. But ſhould a young lady be betrothed to a gentleman, in that caſe ſhe can petition the grand maſter to be admitted as a lady-grand croſs; and, after receiving the diploma, can aſſume the inſignia of a lady-grand-croſs on her wedding-day.

Princeſſes, and the daughters of reigning families, can receive the inſignia, as ladies-grand-croſſes as ſoon as they are baptized; nevertheleſs, ſuch reception can in no wiſe prejudice the rights and claims of the oldeſt members, with reſpect to the commanderies attached to this claſs.

Every gentleman has a power to procure for his daughter (even in her tender youth), a right to the commandery; and as making a part of her future dowry, he can have her inſcribed, or matriculated, as a novice, as ſoon as ſhe is born; and until ſhe is in the ſixteenth year of her age. From that period, ſhe will regularly advance to the enjoyment of a commandery, according to her turn: and without interruption.

So ſoon as the ſixteen years are accompliſhed, the lady-novice muſt be formally received and admitted to the honours of the ſmall croſs, otherwiſe ſhe will ſoon loſe her claims to a commandery.

A young lady, wearing the ſmall-croſs, and who marries a man who poſſeſſes not hereditary nobility, or who is not ſtrictly ſpeaking a gentleman, does not thereby deprive herſelf of her right to a commandery. But ſhe cannot attain to the rank of lady-grand-croſs previous to her being in the actual poſſeſſion of a commandery. Until ſhe is inveſted therewith, ſhe muſt continue to wear the inſignia of a lady of the order, unleſs her huſband be created a nobleman, or procure ſome employment which entitles him to the rank of a gentleman.

As perſonal virtue, hereditary nobility, and gentility of deſcent or extraction entitle ladies to be admitted into this equeſtrian foundation and chapterial order, ſo, on the contrary, a vicious life, corrupted morals, and diſorderly manners, are an inſuperable bar. All thoſe are formally and abſolutely excluded whoſe converſation, life, and manners, are repugnant to the principles of religion, morality, and female honour. When on ſuch accounts a lady is denounced to the order by a knight thereof, as having inſinuated herſelf therein, (although her life and conduct are ſuch as render her unworthy of being received) then the right appertains to the grand maſter, and to the general chapter, to degrade ſo unworthy a perſon, and to deprive her of the inſignia, and that without even being obliged to name the accuſer—Nevertheleſs, the perſon ſo degraded has a right to examine the protocol of the general chapter, to the end that ſhe may exhibit her defence. Thereupon the counſellor of juſtice is obliged to plead her cauſe, and *that* in the manner the moſt advantageous for her reputation and honour. Should it, however, be proved, that ſuch a lady is really innocent, in that caſe the denouncer ſhall be named, and as a calumniating brother, ſhall be degraded from the order, and expelled from its bottom. To accuſations preferred, or denunciations made by anonymous perſons, or by ſuch as are guided by malice or credulity, and who are not

knights

knights of this order, no attention will be given. They ſhall, *in toto*, be deemed falſe, ſcandalous, and ill-founded, and treated as ſuch.

As this equeſtrian, ſecular, and chapteral order has choſen the holy Joachim as a model for imitation, and as an example, whoſe virtues are ever worthy the imitation of all good men, ſo is it the particular duty of the ladies to regard the piety, the reſignation, the patience, and the peaceable domeſtic virtues of the holy Anna, his ſpouſe, (the mother of the bleſſed Virgin Mary) as patterns worthy their eſpecial imitation. Moreover, the ladies who are received are obliged to obſerve the practice of all the duties which are ſpecified with reſpect to the knights; that is to ſay, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the difference of ſexes. They muſt endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves, above other women, by the practice of every moral and ſocial virtue; and muſt conſcientiouſly fulfil the duties attached to their ſex, and which eſpecially appertain unto them, as wives, mothers and miſtreſſes of families. Inviolable fidelity in the marriage ſtate, tenderneſs and carefulneſs with regard to the perſons and education of their children, mildneſs and beneficence towards their inferiors and ſervants, and charity and generoſity towards the poor and needy, the widow and the fatherleſs, ought ever to be the cardinal points of the compaſs of life, by which they muſt ſteer their conduct, and regulate the whole of their lives and actions.—Moreover, they are obliged to take the three following vows:

1. As well in the ſingle as in the married ſtate, they ſhall educate children as true mothers ought to do; that is to ſay, ſuch as are intruſted to their care, in the firſt inſtance, and ſuch as are their own in the ſecond. They muſt endeavour to make them uſeful members of the ſtate to which they belong; and muſt further and promote the education of other young people.
2. Each lady of the order muſt diſtinguiſh herſelf with reſpect to her apparel, by wearing none but honourable and decent dreſs.
3. Each lady of the order muſt avoid playing at games of hazard; and never play deep upon any occaſion; ſince gaming has but too often been, and ſtill too frequently is, the ruin of many families.

To the fair ſex, who are received into this illuſtrious, equeſtrian, ſecular, and chapteral inſtitution, are aſſigned the ſame inſignia as thoſe which are attributed to, and worn by the knights; ſave that in the place of the golden helmet, the croſs is ſurmounted with a golden death's head placed upon two croſs bones. This emblem is meant to point out to the ladies the fragility of human beauty; to make them never loſe ſight of their latter end; and, as a reflecting mirror, whenever they look thereupon, to ſhew that the chriſtian and moral virtues are far ſuperior to all external charms, and are, in reality, the only baſis on which can be built true felicity in this world, and a happy eternity in the one which is to come.

Love Rewarded. A Spaniſh Hiſtory.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the moſt beautiful in the world. They are of a vaſt extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordelier-mountains, to the ſea: and are covered with groves of orange trees and citrons, watered by many ſtreams: one of the principal among which, waſhing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean of Callao; which latter place is the ſcene of the following ſtory.

To this city don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with

with his father from Old Spain. The father, having borne many high offices in Peru, died, much eſteemed and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent paſſion for donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the beſt port in the weſtern world.

But though the young lady who was reputed the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the Indies, returned his affections, he met with an inſuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who preferring wealth to every other conſideration, abſolutely refuſed his conſent: and at length the unfortunate lover ſaw himſelf under the neceſſity of returning to his native country, the moſt miſerable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board, in the port of Callao; the ſhip ready to ſail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the paſſengers rejoicing in the expectation of ſeeing once more the place of their nativity.—Amid the ſhouts and acclamations with which the whole bay reſounded, Mendoza ſat upon deck overwhelmed with ſorrow, beholding thoſe walls in which he had left the only perſon who could have made him happy.—A thouſand tender, a thouſand melancholy thoughts poſſeſſed his mind.

In the mean time, the ſerenity of the ſky is diſturbed; ſudden flaſhes of lightning dart acroſs, which, increaſing, fill the whole air with a flame; a noiſe is heard from the bowels of the earth, at firſt low and rumbling, but growing louder, and ſoon exceeding the roaring of the moſt violent thunder. This was inſtantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the firſt ſhocks were of ſhort continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The ſea ſeemed to be thrown up into the ſky, the arch of Heaven to bend downwards. The Cordeliers, the higheſt mountains of the earth, ſhook to their foundation, and burſting open, with a ſound that appeared to portend a total diſſolution of nature, deluged the ſubject plains with fire, and threw rocks of immenſe magnitude into the air. The houſes, arſenals, and churches of Callao tottered from ſide to ſide, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Thoſe who had not periſhed in this manner you might ſee, of every age and ſex, ruſhing into the ſtreet, and public roads; but even there was no ſafety: the whole earth was in motion. Nor was the ocean leſs diſturbed: The ſhips in the harbour were ſome of them torn from their anchors, ſome of them ſwallowed up by the waves, ſome daſhed on the rocks, many thrown ſeveral miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, late ſo flouriſhing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, diſappeared; being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in exploſion, by minerals burſting from the entrails of the earth. Vaſt quantities of ſpoils, of furniture and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating ſome leagues off at ſea.

In the midſt of this aſtoniſhing confuſion, Mendoza was perhaps the only perſon unconcerned for himſelf. He beheld the whole tremenduous ſcene from the deck of his ſhip, which was one of the few that rode out the tempeſt, frightened only for the deſtruction falling on his beloved Cornelia: and he mourned her fate as unavoidable; little rejoicing at his own ſafety, ſince life was now become a burden. After the ſpace of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her ſtability, the ſky its calmneſs. He then beholds, cloſe by the ſtern of the ſhip, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bow of which ſhe clung, one in the dreſs of a female. He was

touched

touched with compaſſion: he haſtens to her relief: he finds her yet breathing, and raiſed her up. How unſpeakable was his aſtoniſhment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented, Cornelia! the manner of whose miraculous eſcape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fiſhes were borne up into the mid land, and trees and houſes and men into the deep, it happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the ſea, together with the tree to which, in the beginning of the commotion, ſhe had clung, and was thrown up by the ſide of that very ſhip which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind—the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderneſs; words cannot expreſs them.

O, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderful was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair. Haſte! bear with thee to thy native Spain thy ineſtimable prize! Return no leſs juſtly triumphant than did formerly the illuſtrious Cortez loaded with the ſpoils of Montezuma, the treaſures of a newly diſcovered world.

N. B. The above ſtory, however marvellous, is grounded on real fact, and might appear incredible, if a parallel event had not happened before in one of our own colonies, at Port-Royal, in Jamaica. A perſon then preſerved in the ſame wonderful manner returned to theſe iſlands, and lived here many years, well known, and an object of great and juſt curioſity. See Philoſophical Tranſactions, No. 209.

Miſcellaneous Obſervations.

THE moſt neceſſary virtue to woman, and that which gives her the greateſt degree of power, is modeſty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in ſuch a manner, that every thing ſhocks us where it is wanting.

We muſt allow that there are ſome virtues which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wiſhes never may be called for. Patience is one of them. She is an excellent phyſician to a diſeaſed mind: but would any body deſire to be ſick for the ſake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Eſculapius himſelf.

There is but one teſt of friendſhip, a teſt by which no one would wiſh to try the genuineneſs of it—and this is, neceſſity; and yet without that it is not eaſy to know whether the profeſſions of our friends flow from the heart, or only ſtream from the lips.

The Hypochondriac; or, The Doctor and Patient.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
HORACE.

SCENE—*A chamber; Doctor enters to Phantom, who is ſeated in a great chair, wrapped in his night-gown, his legs on a ſtool.*

Doctor.

WELL! how do you find yourſelf, mr. Phantom?

Phantom. Alas, ſir! I am glad you are come: I never ſhall be able to *find* myſelf again. Mine's a loſt caſe.

Doctor. Never mind *the caſe*, ſo that the machine's in order. Let me feel your pulſe.

Phantom. Ah, doctor! [*holding out his hand*] there it goes at the rate of ten thouſand a minute.

Doctor. Good!

Phantom. Good?

Doctor. Yes! very good? I would not wiſh it better.

Phantom. I ſhall be hurried out of the world with the greateſt rapidity.

Doctor. Excellent!

Phantom.

Phantom. Excellent?

Doctor. Yes! I love rapid movements: always travel as fast as four can fly myself.

Phantom. Ah! I see by your looks what you think of my case.

Doctor. Do you! I am sorry for that.

Phantom. Yes, I do! but you do not choose to state your opinion.

Doctor. No! not at present.

Phantom. Then I am gone!

Doctor. Are you! then it's time for me to be gone too. *(Going.)*

Phantom. Stay one moment, my dear doctor! you have not told me what my disorder is.

Doctor. You may, my dear sir, have what disorder you please.

Phantom. Well, that's something! My chest seems very full.

Doctor. A full *chest* is an excellent thing.

Phantom. Accompanied by a *tightness.*

Doctor. That's not quite so good a symptom.

Phantom. My stomach has *fits.*

Doctor. They should be filled up.

Phantom. With what?

Doctor. Roast beef and pudding.

Phantom. What! in my case?

Doctor. Your *case* is an excellent one for their reception.

Phantom. This is a strange remedy.

Doctor. But one of the most substantial in the whole dispensatory.

Phantom. Observe how yellow my complexion is.

Doctor. It is not good to be too florid, either in complexion or discourse.

Phantom. But then my legs; you think them swollen.

Doctor. Yes! like a pair of drumsticks.

Phantom. Then perhaps you do not think that I have the dropsy.

Doctor. If you think so yourself, it is sufficient for me.

Phantom. I also find myself inclined to be hectic.

Doctor. Troubled with a little morbid heat.

Phantom. Exactly so.

Doctor. Good!

Phantom. And have at times a little touch of the gout.

Doctor. That disorder gives *me* more pain than it does you.

Phantom. How happy is the patient with whom his physician sympathizes! You now understand my case.

Doctor. Perfectly! Good morning to you!

Phantom. But, my dear sir! you have not prescribed.

Doctor. Od so! I had forgot. Hand me that paper *(writes).* There, I have scrawled you a few *pot-hooks.* I will call to-morrow, and hear how they operate.

Phantom. Perhaps you may think a consultation necessary.

Doctor. Perhaps I may! but I will let you alone to-day, mr. Phantom, because you must be so wearied with recollecting your present diseases, that, I hope you will have no time to be afflicted with *new* ones before to-morrow: however, then you and I must have a very serious consultation.

Phantom. Then you think I may hold out?

Doctor. Never fear! Yet if you do not take the command upon yourself, though you were to muster the whole medical force of the metropolis, *regulars* and *irregulars,* the devil of any one, or indeed the whole of either of these bands, will be able to drive away the slightest of your distempers: and so good morning to you once more, mr. Phantom.

[*Exit Doctor.*

The scene closes.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Mr. Gibſon,

SIR—The following Ode is written on the moſt glorious capture of Copenhagen: by giving it an early inſertion in your excellent Miſcellany, you will much oblige

Your very humble Servant,

D. HICCÆUS.

In glorioſiſſimam *Haſniæ* urbis Danorum regiæ expugnationem; Duce *Gambiero*.

Ode.

JERNIÆ muſæ, modulemur, almæ,
Carmen argutem:—mihi *Gambieri*
Gloriam, ſit fas, reſonare parte
Orbis in omni.

Septima hæc, anno redeunte, feſta
Iduum nobis celebris per ævum
Omne, Septembris memoranda magnis
Laudibus, O, ſit!

Suavior lux hæ mihi ſanctiorque
Eſt meâ vere propriâ natali;
Quamque per faſtos memores futura
Sec'la videbunt.

Hac die ductor bonus ille claſsis
Anglicæ, ſenas decies ſubegit,
Cœpit et naves (quoque ceſſit armis
Haſnia) *Danas*.

Ecce, bellatrix ruit ut minaci
Haſnia urbs ferro rapidaque flamma;
Utque tabeſcunt hominem improborum
Arva cruore.

Barbari fœdus trepidi ſecundum
Poſtulant, teter tenet atque pallor
Ora,—langueſcunt, valid iique ſubdunt
Colla catenas.

Victor o fortis! borealis oræ
Finibus portas rediens, *Triumpho*,
Hoſtium claſſes domitas, ſacroſque
Carpis honores:

Ne; ſemel tantum facias, precorque
Ut Deus ſemper tibi *Gambiere*,
Adſitâ dex'trâ:—rigidos timet quis.
Te duce *Gallos*.

Gaulium produnt proceres, feneſtræ
Ignibus longè rutilantque lætis,
Machinæ martem ſimulantque fumo
Nigricolore.

Cerne gaudentes pueros, puellas;
Cerne regales equitat per urbes
Ut *Triumphator* redimitus *ille*
Tempora *Myrto*

D. HICCAEUS.

Clonmell, October 10, 1807.

Horace, Book II. Ode XVI. (Never before in print.)

WHEN gloomy clouds obſcure the ſkies,
And ſtormy winds and tempeſts riſe;
The ſailor on the ocean cries
For quiet,
For quiet cries the *Tracian* bold,
And quiver'd *Mede*, in war grown old,
Groſpinus, nor purple, gems, nor gold
Can buy it.

Nor wealth, nor *conſuls'* pow'r keep out
The tumults of the mind, nor rout
Anxieties that hover 'bout
Gilt ceilings.

He's happy, who with little bleſt,
Enjoys the goods his ſire poſſeſt;
Nor fear, nor thirſt for gain moleſt
His feelings.

Why are we vain, who ſoon muſt die!
Why do we change our climate? why
Do we pretend our cares to fly,
By changing?

Care mounts the ſhip, and gets behind
The rider, ſwifter than the hind;
More fleet than clouds before the wind
When raging.

He that's of preſent joys poſſeſſed,
Should ev'ry other care deteſt;—
Should mirth aſſume:—nought here is bleſt
Completely.

Achilles feel in youthful pride,
And *Tithon* worn by old age died;—
Fate may give me, what be denied
You lately.

An hundred ſheep, an hundred kine,
And ſteeds, and chariots are thine;
And doubly died, doth on you ſhine
Rich cloathing.

I have receiv'd a calm retreat,
A rhyming genius from kind fate,
And ſpirit ſcorning vulgar hate
And loathing.

D. HICCÆUS.

Clonmell, Oct. 10, 1807.

To the Readers and Correſpondents of the Hibernian Magazine. An Anſwer, (in verſe) is expected to the following Anagram.

ONE ſummer's day, three youthful ſwains,
Reclin'd beneath a beechen ſhade,
Of love diſcours'd, and lovers pains,
And cares—and many a lovely maid.

In Engliſh one, 'bout ſome fair dame,
A queſtion aſk'd—with preſent wit;
Another, who tranſpos'd the ſame,
Said; 'vili magna merces ſit.'

From this, the query and the dame
I oft endeavoured to explore;

But all in vain,—I knew her name
No better than I did before.

D. HICCÆUS.

Clonmell, October 10, 1807.

For the Ancient Hibernian Magazine.

Mr. Gibson,

Your kind acquiescence in ordering this ode, composed by a most promising youth, under 17 years, a place in your Miscellany, will much compliment,

A Correspondent.

Limerick, Sept. 16.

EXORDIUM.

NUNC me animus stimulat, si possim, scribere paucos
De ira versiculos, quaæ pelli pectore debet.
Si laudem tulerint, crescet mihi magna voluptas,
Et Musis agnam pro tanto munere cædam;
Tu mihi, Calliope, præsertim, afflato canenti;
Sic mî contingat pulchrum cantare poema.
Nunc, quoniam meditor promissum solvere munus,
Pergite concinnum, Musæ, depromere carmen.

Ira furor brevis est.

Principio Dominus, cum fingit corpora nostra,
Hæc duo dat nobis, animum mentemque quietam.
Excitat ille iram, quam verbera sæpe sequuntur,
Amovet hæc rixam, pugnasque avertit et odit.
Si patitur quisquam pectus fervente moveri
Ira, ac non animum tradat ratione domari
Jactatur varie, veluti cum, flante procella,
Navis per tu midas a vento pellitur undas.
Quam sæpe evenit, ut conjux impulsa furore
Arripiat cultrum, et defigat in ore mariti.
Et contra, quam sæpe furens pater ense nefando
Candida natorum ac uxoris pectora rupit.
Filius iratus fratres dulcesque parentes
Sæpe neci dedit, & super illis decidit ipse.
Hæc tam sæva quidem nunquam perfecta fuissent.
Si modo quisque animum permittat vincere monti.
Romulus, imperii magno certamine nato,
Imbuitur fratris percussi sanguine Remi.
Nonne Clytemnestram matrem interfecit Orestes?
Sontem equidem, verum certe non convenit ulli
Tam chari capitis sanie perfundere palmas.
Milvius haud aliter, pueri quem in nubila mittunt,
Auferitur vento, quam vir commotus, ab ira.
Nunc quoniam dixi, (ut sivit mea parva facultas,)
Quæ damnosa furor crudelis continet intus,
Conemur cuncti rabiem compescere nostram,
Quod multum valeat vitam præstare beatam.

JAS. STEPHEN O'HALLORAN.

Ennis, Aug. 14, 1807.

For Gibson's Ancient Magazine.

A new Song—The Ennis Piper—describing of his Life, and his own Composition.

Air—'Donald Brann.'—

A ROAMING blade I e'er have been,
And on my *chaunter* do depend;
To cheer the dull in winter green,
Expand their souls and me befriend.

Chorus—The *chanter* then is my desire,
It animates the cheerful ring;
Who won't its music much admire,
Which add new life to those that sing?

To sprightly parties much inclin'd,
Indeed I raise their mirth and glee;
And they in festive rooms reclin'd,
With ardour great do welcome me.
Chorus, &c.—

Inflating then my pipes so bright,
I bid them join in symphony;
Their hearts now swelling with delight,
They quick unite in harmony.
Chorus, &c.—

The ladies too my *tunes* admire,
And patronise your men of arts?
Who can express their fond desire,
To cherish lively pleasing *parts*?
Chorus, &c.—

When music's soft delightful notes
Have ravish'd quite the social breast;
They vie in bounty to denote,
The pleasure on their mind impress.
Chorus, &c.—

The splendid cash I then receive,
For which the greatest oft contend;
Who rightly can in thought conceive,
My feelings grateful to each friend?
Chorus, &c.—

Returning with my *golden fleece*,
Homeward I to my humble cell;

Such

Such joy ne'er ſpread thro' ancient Greece,
When Jaſon came his fate to tell.
Chorus, &c.—

And thus my bliſsful life I ſpend,
Drowning *care* in punch and claret;
O! ſhould my future days ſo end;
Then, how happy *Paddy Barret*;
Chorus, &c.—

Ennis, July 12.

The Hungarian Gipſy's Song.

FROM Preiburg's plain, from Bada's tow'rs,
From old Carpathia's mountains dear,
To bounteous halls and fruitful bow'rs,
We charter'd libertines repair.
There by Danube's ſilent wave,
Or 'mid the ſhades of Szelitz's cave,
Our ample feaſt we ſhare;
While round the bowl in fearleſs glee,
We ſing of love and liberty.

And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame,
Soft-ſmiling thro' her azure veil,
In whiſpers tells ſome cheriſh'd name,
And fondly hears our myſtic tale;
While where the honied cheſnut dwells,
Or where the melting melon ſwells
In Sameſwara's dale;
We fill the bowl with fearleſs glee,
And ſing of love and liberty.

Now tho' in Alpine woods no more
Our lawleſs revelry we hide;
Tho' chaſed from Elba's envied ſhore
By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride;
Still to this gem-fraught mountain's head,
Or to yon river's golden bed
Our weary feet we guine;
Then round the bowl with fearleſs glee,
Rejoice in love and liberty.

A. V—LL.

An Original Air, by a Caſmerian Indian.

WHEN ſhall we three meet again?
When ſhall we three meet again?
Oft ſhall glowing hope expire,
Oft ſhall wearied love retire,
Oft ſhall death and ſorrow reign
Ere we three ſhall meet again!

Tho' in diſtant lands we figh,
Parch'd beneath a hoſtile ſky,
Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendſhip ſhall unite our ſouls;
Still in fancy's rich domain,
Oft ſhall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moſs ſhall creep and ivy twine,
When our burniſh'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-ſpent day;
May this long lov'd bow'r remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its waſted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's ſhade
Beauty, pow'r and fame are laid,
Where immortal ſpirits reign
Then may we three meet again!

A. V—LL.

Epigrams. On ſeeing the Names of ſeveral Ladies among the Subſcribers to PITT'S *Monument.*

THERE'S more than meets the eye in this proud whim,
And ſurely more than is the DEVIL'S due!
Why, ladies, raiſe a monument to him,
Who never yet raiſ'd any thing for you.

CLIO.

And he had (Solomon) *Seven Hundred Wives, and Three Hundred Concubines.*

SEVEN *hundred Wifes, three hundred Laſſes,*
Had *Solomon* of various claſſes;
So ſays the *Bible*, and again,
'He was the wiſeſt of all men.'

True!—if he kept this gang to rights,
Morning, and noon, and eke a nights;
The wiſeſt man indeed was he,
That ever was, or e'er will be.

CLIO.

The Invitation. Inſcribed to Miſs M-r-y A. Kempt-n.

MY groves and my woodlands are green,
Fair lilies my vallies adorn;
Each roſe in her ſplendour is ſeen,
Nor wiſhes th' approach of the morn.
No froſts of the winter are here,
So killing to love and to flow'rs;
The ri'lets their heads they now rear,
And eglantine graces my bow'rs.

My brooks glide with murmur along,
Their ſtreams are tranſparently clear;]
While birds in an elegant ſong,
With muſic ſalute my glad ear:
My trees in their glory is ſeen,
Whoſe branches the leaves now adorn,
Of colour a beautiful green;
Yet pleaſe not my boſom forlorn.

But ah! would ſweet Phillis come here
And grace with her preſence my bow'r;
What joys! and what tranſports ſincere,
On a boſom ſo tender ſhe'd pour.
Then Phillis the faireſt of fair,

No longer fly from the fond swain,
Whose doom, if not lov'd, is despair;
For nought can alleviate his pain.

AMOR.

Song. 'Cathlien Nolan.' From a Translation of the ancient Irish. By W. M. T.——

WHEN o'er the craggy mountain's sides
The dewy cloud of evening glides,
And sparkles in the sun's last beams;
Whilst tripping o'er its summit, seems
Lovely as this, my Cathlien Nolan.
Her forehead to the dazzled sight
Shines as the native pearl; as bright
Her spiral locks as burnish'd gold:
Would to her charms my breast were cold,
And I'd forgot sweet Cathlien Nolan!

When, as the bounding doe, she trips
The green-wood o'er, with airy steps,
Brushing away the glittering dew,
O then how lovely to my view
Seems my dear maid, my Cathlien Nolan!
Loose o'er her arm her mantle flies,
To cut the branch of flamet she hies,
Whilst in her hand the axe bright gleams;—
I know not then which noblest seems,
The Saxon kingt, or Cathlien Nolan.

LONDON, *Sept.* 28, 1807.

OLD BAILEY.

YESTERDAY came on the trial of James Bullock, on a capital indictment, for that he, having duly declared a bankrupt, under the great seal of England, and a commission of bankruptcy having been in consequence duly issued against his estate and effects, did wilfully, fraudulently, and feloniously conceal and embezzle property in his possession, to the amount of 800l. with intent to defraud the assignees, under the said statute.

The trial occupied the court from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. The prosecution was carried on at the instance of the assignees of the prisoner's bankruptcy. The counsel for the prosecution were, mr. Bolland and mr. Gurney, the former of whom opened the proceedings, and the latter stated the case to the court and jury; in doing which, he expatiated at length upon the heinous nature of the offence charged against the prisoner—an offence of late years so frequent and alarming in its consequences, to the property of honest and industrious men, from the enormous frauds, which had been so long practised with impunity, by dishonest debtors, who have contrived to elude the vigilance and severity of the law, by various devices, so as materially to shake the foundations of commercial credit. Some effectual check, therefore, became necessary to practises of this sort, as well to secure the property of honest men, as, by a striking example, to deter others from the repetition of a crime, which must strike directly at the very root of commercial confidence. The circumstances of the prisoner's case were briefly these: he carried on the business of a wine and brandy merchant, in Scot's-yard, Bush-lane, Cannon-street, for some years; and at length his affairs having become embarrassed, a docket was struck in the usual form, and a commission of bankruptcy issued against him. He surrendered to his assignees, at Guildhall on the first and second days required by the advertisement in the London Gazette, and underwent two examinations; but on the third day which was the 18th of July, he was missing, and never attended; and it was shortly afterwards found he had absconded, and never made any communication to his creditors as to the place of his retreat, nor gave them any further account of his estate and effects. Suspicions arose that he had secreted part of his effects. An advertisement was published by the assignees, offering a reward for his discovery and apprehension. It appeared that the prisoner had dispatched a considerable quantity of property, packed in several chests, for Leith, in Scotland, directed for John Browne; and it was also discovered, that the prisoner, a day or two previously to his disappearance, had himself in person lodged in the bank of messrs. Herries and co. St. James's-street, a sum of 800l. in the name of John Browne, giving a false address; which sum he drew out two days after, by two drafts, signed Browne, in one bank note 500l. and the other for 300l. These circumstances naturally excited a suspicion that the prisoner had taken his flight towards Leith, whither he was followed by Atkins, the public officer, from Bow-street, who went to the place where the goods were directed for mr. Browne; and after waiting there for some time, apprehended the prisoner in the very act of coming to demand the packages, in the name of John Browne. The chests were broken open and searched, in one of them were found the two identical bank

NOTES.

* *Vide* 'Wild Irish Girl.'—Vol. II. p. 12.

† This is litterally translated: in the language of prose it is fire-wood.

‡ The King of England is still called by the common Irish 'Righ Sagsanach.'

'Wild Irish Girl.'

note

for 500l. and 300l. iſſued by Herries and co. to the priſoner, in payment of his two drafts in the name of John Browne. This ſum of the 800l. was the ground of the indictment; and mr. Gurney argued, from theſe circumſtances, that the attention of the priſoner muſt have been to defraud his creditors; otherwiſe, why abſcond in the manner he had done, and withhold from his aſſignees all farther account of the effects, which he had diſpoſed of to ſo conſiderable an amount?

John Hubbard, clerk to J. G. Cowell, brandy merchant, proved that the priſoner was a trader, and that he was inbebted to the witneſs's employers in the ſum of 189l. 19s. 2d. and that he had giving acceptances for that amount, which had been diſhonoured.

George Pyrant proved that he had travelled for the priſoner, and that in the year 1807, he had committed ſeveral acts of bankruptcy, by denying himſelf to his creditors.

Spenſer, the ſervant to the meſſenger of bankrupts, proved the ſervice of the ſeveral ſummonies and that the priſoner did not appear to paſs his laſt examination.

Edward Atkins depoſed, that he took the priſoner into cuſtody at Leith, in Scotland and at the ſame time, ſeized ſeveral packages which belonged to him, and which were ſhipped in the name of Browne, by which name the priſoner there called himſelf.

The commiſſion of bankruptcy was put in and read, by which it appeared that the priſoner was declared a bankrupt on the 14th of May, 1807.

Joſhua Garth, ſolicitor to the commiſſion, ſtated that when the priſoner was brought before the commiſſioners, he at firſt objected to be examined; at laſt, when he gave an account of his property, there appeared to be a deficiency of 1200l. He afterwards ſaid that he had paid 1050l. to mr. Griffin Jones, for money which he had borrowed of him, and that he had paid other ſums to mrs. Jones, who had alſo accomodated him with the loan of money. The priſoner further ſtated, that he banked with Preſcot and Grote, but not with any other banker.

Mr. Griffin Jones was called, who ſtated that he had known the priſoner for ſome years, but that he had never lent him any money, nor had ever received the ſum of 1050l. from him. The priſoner about May laſt wiſhed him to ſay, if any inquiry was made, that he had lent the priſoner 1050l. and that the priſoner had repaid him.

Andrew Smith, clerk to Martin, Stone and co. proved that he had paid into the hands of the priſoner, on the 6th of May, a bank note for 300l. No. 698, dated 21ſt April, 1807. This note was paid him in part exchange for a cheque of mr. Thomas Wylde's, with whom he had depoſited the bills of lading of a cargo of brandy from Bourdeaux.

Francis Kelly proved that the priſoner alſo kept a caſh account with the bank of England, and that he alſo drew his laſt cheque on the 8th of May, which was for the ſum of 500l. He was paid in one bank note of the amount of 500l. dated 8th May, 1807, and numbered 6749.

Robert Farquar, partner in the houſe of Herries, Farquar and co. depoſed that the priſoner came to their banking-houſe, in St. James's-ſtreet, on the 12th of July laſt. He ſaid he had juſt arrived in town, and wiſhed to open an account with their houſe. The account was accordingly opened, and he paid in the ſum of 800l. in two notes, of 500l. and 300l. which, upon reference, appeared to be ſame two notes above ſtated. He opened the account in the name of Browne in the ſignature book.

W. Smith, a clerk in the houſe of Herries, Farquar, and co. proved that the priſoner drew out the 800l. in three days afterwards; he apologized for withdrawing the money ſo ſoon, but ſaid he was obliged immediately to leave town, when he returned he hoped to give them a more profitable account.

The aſſignees under the commiſſion were then ſeverally called, and proved that the priſoner had never paid this money into any of their hands.

The priſoner, in his defence, lamented the hardſhip of tradeſmen being ſubjected to the penalties of ſuch a ſevere law, while gentlemen might run in debt with impunity, beyond being civilly anſwerable. He ſaid he never conſidered himſelf an inſolvent man, but thought the commiſſion was maliciouſly ſued out againſt him, for which reaſon he determined not to ſubmit to it. It was upon this principle he acted, and not with any view to defraud his creditors. When he was before the commiſſioners, he ſtated to them that he reſerved to himſelf the right of future diſputing their power, and that his ſurrender ſhould only be conſidered as conditional. He truſted the jury on theſe grounds would acquit him of the fraudulent deſigns imputed to him.

The counſel for the priſoner afterwards attempted to defeat the validity of the commiſſion, by ſetting up a prior commiſſion ſued out by the priſoner's nephew; but it appearing that it was not a *bona fide* tranſaction,

action, the learned judge (Heath) held it amounted to nothing.

After the judge had ſummed up the evidence minutely, and told the jury, that if the priſoner found himſelf aggrieved, his proper remedy would have been to have petitioned the lord chancellor for redreſs.

The jury retired for a few minutes, and then returned with a verdict of *Guilty* againſt the priſoner, which will ſubject him to a capital puniſhment.

The priſoner was a reſpectable looking man, of about 46 years of age.

When the clerk of the arraigns aſked the priſoners, at the Old Bailey, what they had to ſay why judgment of death ſhould not be paſſed upon them, Bullock, the bankrupt, addreſſed the court in arreſt of judgment, and preſented a ſtring of legal objections, which he wiſhed to be ſubmitted to the judges. The recorder told him theſe objections had been fully conſidered on his trial, and he muſt proceed to the performance of his painful duty. He then pronounced the dreadful ſentence; after which Bullock once more addreſſed the court. He ſaid the judge's ſpeech had ſunk deep into his heart, and particularly that ſentence which related to the diſtreſs and miſery of thoſe relatives and friends he and his unhappy fellows might leave behind them. It was a dreadful conſideration, and he urged him once more to ſolicit a merciful repreſentation of his offences to his ſovereign. Life he ſaid, was of little conſequence to himſelf—he could part with it with firmneſs and reſignation, but a beloved wife and friends, made him anxious to preſerve it, and to aſk that mercy which otherwiſe he ſhould be wholly indifferent about.—The unhappy man had written to his counſel, requeſting to be informed, whether they entertained an opinion that, from the proceedings, there appeared any circumſtance that could warrant them, in the exigency of his ſituation to make application to the court on his behalf, and move an arreſt of judgment. To this letter they ſent an anſwer, indicating that the proceedings did not furniſh any ground for ſuch an application, and that he was not to hope for it from them, as nothing exiſted that could juſtify them in ſuch an appeal to the court; that if ſuch had occurred they would have gladly embraced the opportunity.

BULLOCK THE BANKRUPT.—The caſe f this man, which has excited a very conderable ſhare of public curioſity, is likely o be productive of much intereſt, as it is ntended to make application for a writ of ror, that it may be brought within the ognizance of the courts at Weſtminſter, to ſay whether the conviction was according to law?—The point to be diſcuſſed ariſes from the document given in evidence to prove him a bankrupt, namely, the commiſſion; and the objection to it as inadmiſſible is, that it is not legal evidence, inaſmuch as being on the record, 'a commiſſion under the great ſeal of Great Britain,' it is invalid, becauſe by the act of union, it is ordained by the very firſt clauſe in that act, that the great ſeal, after the firſt day of January, 1801, ſhall be for ever called 'The great ſeal of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Upon this ſubject much conſideration reſts, not merely confined to the caſe of the perſon in this inſtance, but as it involves a great number of political occurrences, which may, in the reſult of the deciſion upon this queſtion, be hereafter agitated.

HIS MAJESTY.

The public mind has been for ſome time agitated by a report, announcing that the operation of couching was to be immmediately performed upon his majeſty's eyes, by mr. Phipps. Some preparatory regimen of diet, is, we believe preſcribed in ſuch caſes; and as his majeſty continues to live according to his uſual habits, this circumſtance might be ſufficient to invalidate the report. It has, however, been urged and repeated with confidence; and not receiving a contradiction, has been generally regarded as founded in truth. The report added, that couching is a ſimple and ſafe operation, and affected to make light of it. We believe, however, that it is a very delicate one, attended with great pain and no inconſiderable peril. The royal family, we underſtand, have felt much anxiety from this rumour, and we are credibly informed, that ſeveral of them, particular his royal highneſs the duke of Cumberland, have viſited mr. Phipps, and demanded an explanation upon the ſubject, and they have been moſt poſitively aſſured by that gentleman, that nothing of the ſort was in contemplation. His majeſty's eyes are, we lament, very defective, but in bodily health he is well as moſt men at his age, and fortunately a glaſs has been diſcovered, which greatly aſſiſts his ſight. But if his ſight were more defective, he poſſeſſes a firmneſs of mind, and goodneſs of temper, which, combined with a very ſtrong ſenſe of religion, would enable him to bear the infirmity with a degree of cheerfulneſs and reſignation to which very few indeed of his ſubjects could aſpire. That the operation has been performed with ſucceſs upon men of greater age, and who poſſeſſed neither his ſtrength of conſtitution, nor had the advantage of his tempe-

rate

gate habits, we admit, and that if neceſſarily his majeſty would ſubmit to the operation, and bear it with all his characteriſtic fortitude, is equally certain; but the law and the conſtitution have made a great diſtinction between his majeſty and ordinary men.—Whatever the opinion of mr. Phipps may be, and however great his profeſſional ſkill, he would be a bold man, indeed, who ſhould venture to perform ſuch an operation, without a previous communication with the immediate relatives of his majeſty; who, in addition to the duty which they feel in common with the reſt of his ſubjects, poſſeſs alſo all the claims of filial affection. But not only ſhould the immediate relatives of his majeſty be conſulted, as would be the caſe in any private family not bleſſed with one-tenth of the filial love and affection which animate the breaſt of his royal offspring, his majeſty's miniſters beſides would not remain ſilent and indifferent ſpectators, and the ſenſe of the faculty would be taken upon the ſubject, under the ſanction of the privy council. Thus much, we hope, is ſufficient to ſhew, that the rumour is unfounded, and to remove the apprehenſions ſo unneceſſarily excited in the public mind.—*Globe.*

29.] General ſir Arthur Welleſley and lieutenant col. Campbell and ſuite arrived in town this day. They were landed yeſterday at Yarmouth from on board the Prometheus ſloop of war, from Copenhagen.

When the general left Copenhagen, all the Daniſh men of war had been rigged and got out of the harbour. We may therefore expect their arrival in a few days.

The arrival of part of our army from La Plata may be daily expected. General Whitelocke has been moſt indefatigable in his exertions to quit a country which has been ſo inauſpicious to him.—He has appeared anxious to anticipate his ſtipulations with Liniers, and to retire before the limited period.

Lord Lavington's title being extinct by the decreaſe of that nobleman in the Weſt Indies, his majeſty, by the articles of union, will of courſe create a new peer of Ireland.

The iſland of Heligoland, which is only three miles in circumference, is thought to be by nature as ſtrong as Gibraltar. Every part of it is 1500 feet perpendicular above the ſurface of the ſea, the only entrance being by a flight of ſteps, 203 in number. At the time of its capture, there were on the ſteps three large *chevaux de friſe* and two gates, and pointing on them were three ſix-pounders; ſo that the capture of this little ſpot would have been attended with much bloodſhed had any defence been made. The number of inhabitants at Heligoland is about 3000; every article is double the price it is in England, and there is ſuch a ſcarcity of proviſions on the iſland, that if ſupplies are not immediately ſent from this country, the people will be reduced to a ſtate of famine.

There is a curious cuſtom prevalent at Heligland: when two perſons wiſh to marry, they cannot do ſo without ſoliciting the permiſſion of the governor, otherwiſe the contract would not be valid. The late governor was about to ſail for the continent, when the letter we have alluded to came away, in conſequence of which he had applications from ſeveral hymenial ſpeculators.

THE LATE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

Oct. 1.] We have often had pleaſure in reciting feſtivities enjoyed by many of the beſt friends of Ireland, who for more than thirty years have never failed to celebrate the anniverſary of this nobleman's birth day. We have now the melancholy taſk of deſcribing the laſt ſcene of his *eventful hiſtory.*

The marquis was in his eighty-fourth year, when he felt his approaching diſſolution. As a nobleman and a ſoldier—always the pattern of loyalty, his laſt act he determined ſhould correſpond with the whole tenor of his preceding life; about an hour before his departure to a better world, he called for wine, and ordering a bumper to be filled, with the enthuſiaſm of a veteran warrior devoted to the ſovereign, he drank '*To the health of the beſt king that ever graced the Britiſh throne.*'—He then, with the firmneſs of a ſtoic and the reſignation of a chriſtian, reclined upon his bed—ſlept a ſhort time—heaved a ſigh—and without the ſmalleſt agony of the body, or the leaſt change of countenance, his immortal ſpirit took her flight to thoſe happy regions prepared for the good and the virtuous.—Never was man more ſincerely regretted; though his diſſolution took place at an age ſo advanced and ſo full of honours, yet are his friends and family inconſolable.

At two o'clock on the 28th ult. his remains were laid in the family vault at Rainham. The mournful proceſſion was awfully grand: one hundred of the principal tenants led the way; the coffin, covered with crimſon velvet, highly embroidered and ſuperbly decorated, followed; after which came lord John Townſhend, leading the widowed marchioneſs, whoſe ſorrows are not to be deſcribed;—then followed lady Elizabeth Loftus, the ducheſs of

of Leeds, lady Anne Hudſon, ſupported by their huſbands; lady Harriot Townſhend next, and then all the grand children and great grand children of the marquis; then a great number of his friends, followed by the poorer tenantry and ſervants innumerable.

The marquis left his family in a ſtate of great opulence. The marchioneſs will have altogether above 3000l. per annum, with 30,000l. in ready caſh, and an immenſe property in plate, furniture, &c. The children of the marquis's firſt marriage have 8000l. each, and the females of the ſecond marriage 5000l. each.

Extract of a private letter received at Hull, dated Copenhagen, Dock-yard, Sept. 9.

'Our troops did not enter the heart of the city until this day, as the Danes, or rather the French party, did ſhew themſelves very abuſive; and although the ſeaman took poſſeſſion of the ſhips of war yeſterday, not one perſon has been ſuffered to go amongſt the inhabitants leſt injury might be done; and I can aſſure you we are working day and night in rigging the ſhips of the line, which I am informed are 19 in number, and 40 ſail of frigates, ſloops, and brigs. The ſhips are all abundantly found with ſtores, and in good repair. I am happy the place ſurrendered with ſo little loſs. Our troops are uncivilly received to-day amongſt the inhabitants, and ſome firing took place on their landing on the city ſide, but I have not heard the particulars. This day I have taken poſſeſſion of one of their 74's, and juſt got her lower rigging over her maſt head—all the ſhips of war are fitting with the utmoſt diſpatch, and all is hurry and buſtle. Two thouſand German troops deſerted from the Daniſh army this day, and joined the German legion. There are two deck-ſhips on the ſtocks, and one three-decker, but I think it will be impoſſible to get them afloat in ſix weeks.'

The following is a ſtatement of the diſtribution of our naval force, up to the 1ſt inſtant. At ſea, 102 ſail of the line; 11 ſhips from 50 to 44 guns; 146 frigates; 183 ſloops; and 180 gun brigs and ſmaller veſſels; making a total of 631 ſhips of war. The number in commiſſion is—143 ſail of the line; 20 from 50 to 44 guns; 181 frigates; 227 ſloops, &c. and 228 gun-brigs; which, including veſſels in port and fitting, guard, hoſpital, priſon, and receiving ſhips, makes a total of 799; the grand total, compriſing 85 ſhips building, and 183 in ordinary, is 1067.

Great hopes are ſtill entertained by go- ing reſearcher after the courſe of the river Niger, may ſtill be living, and effect the important object of his laudable miſſion.

As the public mind has been miſled by the Spaniſh reports reſpecting the conduct of major general Beresford and lieut. colonel Pack, the following will be found, whenever an inveſtigation takes place, to be a correct ſtatement of all the circumſtances relating to that affair:—

'After theſe officers had given their parole, they were removed, under an armed eſcort, from Buenos Ayres, contrary to the conditions under which that parole was given; and, ſubſequently, their perſons were ſeized, their papers taken from them, and they were marched up the country.

'General Liniers was likewiſe *officially* appriſed by general Beresford, that the officers conſidered their parole as no longer binding, in conſequence of theſe indignities and infractions; as were alſo *all the Spaniſh officers* to whom the communication *could be made*.

'On their arrival at Monte Video, previous to lieut.-col. Pack's returning to his duty, a court of inquiry, conſiſting of the two ſenior officers of the navy (captains Rowley and Downman), and the two ſenior of the army (brigadier general Lumley and colonel Brown), was aſſembled at the requeſt of ſir Samuel Auchmuty, the then commander of the Forces; and they were unanimouſly of opinion, that he (lieutenant colonel Pack), was releaſed from his parole; which opinion was notified in general orders.'

This ſtatement, it is hoped, will ſet the matter at reſt, until the public can be put in poſſeſſion of a more particular detail, after the return of gen. Beresford.

COPENHAGEN, SEPT. 9.

'GENTLEMEN.

'Circumſtanced as I am at preſent, without books or papers to refer to, I muſt claim your indulgence for waving the ſubject of buſineſs, and confining the views of my preſent reſpects ſolely to the communication of myſelf and family being in exiſtence, unhurt, and yet in health; likewiſe the curſory detail of thoſe incidents that ſucceeded the date of my laſt addreſs. If my memory be not affected, I think I adviſed you of the appearance of the fleet, army, &c. &c. in our roads. I ſhall not now follow the occurrences in ſucceſſion, but obſerve, that for ten days they continued to experience the moſt friendly hoſpitality from the inhabitants, as well as aid in victualing and providing for their ſhips, &c. &c. both at Elſineur and here, without the ſmalleſt jealouſy or ſuſpicion of intended hoſtility. At the expiration of that

time, mr. Jackſon ſuddenly appeared in this city, with the modeſt demand of our navy, as a depoſit againſt French intrigue, and to be reſtored at the period of a general peace. The demand was peremptorily refuſed by the junior Bernſtorff, deputed to act here in the abſence of the prince royal, and the oldeſt miniſter Bernſtorff. The audience and diſcuſſion at the end of this demand laſted but an hour, when mr. Jackſon took leave and refuge on board the fleet. The ſecond morning after, the town was in a convulſed ſtate, from the well authenticated report of 20,000 troops having landed at about the diſtance of ſix Engliſh miles. Such was the confidence of this government, in the characteriſtic honour of yours, that the neceſſity for preparatory oppoſition was wholly overlooked until this latter event was fully proved, and eſtabliſhed. In this ſtate of affairs, and being without any regular troops, the defence of the city was left to about ſix thouſand militia, the burghers, ſtudents, &c. all of whom exerted themſelves day and night in fortifying the ramparts round the city, and making every preparation for defending the honour of their king and country. In this occupation they were employed, I believe twelve days inceſſantly, when a flag of truce appeared for the governor, Peyman, with a demand ſimilar to mr. Jackſon's, that met the ſame fate. This brought forward, the day following, a proclamation from Gambier and Cathcart, explaining the circumſtances that impelled the king, their maſter, to adopt the meaſures which menaced the refuſal of their demand through mr. Jackſon, and wiſhing to impreſs the ideas of friendly intentions towards this government, in caſe it would yield to the object of their expedition. This proclamation brought forward frequent interchanges of flags, and eſtafettes, that terminated in the ſurrender of the town being demanded, with this addition that if refuſed, the bombardment would commence next day. For many nights previous to this, ſeveral ſkirmiſhes took place betwixt the enemy and the corps of volunteers, compoſed of youths from the different reſpectable families of the city, whoſe active ardour and ſpirit merited a better fate than eventually waited them, and upwards of eighty, beſides double the number deſperately wounded, fell in the detached conflicts. Intended hoſtilities being now announced, it was time to provide ſafety for the women and children. Having of this deſcription 16 in number under my protection, I was conſtrained to appoint a cellar, ſixteen feet ſquare, as the only place of refuge or ſeeming ſafety.

—In this we remained from Wedneſday, the 2d of Sept. until the Sunday following (God be praiſed), unhurt, notwithſtanding the front of my houſe, the offices, with every window frame and glaſs being hurt and deſtroyed by the ſhowers of ſhot that ſtruck and burſt round me. The operations of the firſt night having ended, a flag was ſent in, but indignantly diſmiſſed. On Friday, after Thurſday night's hoſtilities, a ſecond appeared, but refuſed: the conſequence was obſerved in the determined reſolution of the enemy to exert their every power on Friday night in reducing the city to aſhes.—About ten o'clock of that night two of the principal churches were aſſailed by ſhells and rockets, theſe took fire; and notwithſtanding the continued exertions and activity of the firemen and engines, communicated to, and totally deſtroyed, upwards of 430 large and commodious newly erected houſes, and two churches, rendered more than 800 houſes unfit for winter-dwelling, and left, after curſory examination, ſcarcely 160 houſes without more or leſs injury. The loſs of the inhabitants cannot be yet aſcertained, but from the many miſſing whom I individually have known, I fear it is great indeed.—The governor, burghers, &c. now ſaw the impoſſibility of further reſiſtance, and capitulated on Saturday with the delivery of the citadel, the two arſenals, and the whole of the fleet; further, as to particulars I am not able to go, therefore will ceaſe with hoſtilities, and endeavour to impreſs you with the idea of effects. Beſides the houſes conſumed and damaged in the city, the governor ordered thoſe of the leading avenues and ſuburbs to be burnt; of theſe it is ſuppoſed 380 were levelled, ſo that on the whole, at the preſent moment, is ſuppoſed near 10,000 people of various deſcriptions are, and will be expoſed to every inclemency of weather, preſent and approaching, without the poſſibility of being provided for at this late ſeaſon, having loſt every chance of repairs by the loſs of the various depoſits of public and private timber, that would otherwiſe aſſiſt in affording temporary ſhelter. Take this, my dear friends, into conſideration—were you but half an hour witneſs of what I have yeſterday and this day beheld, I am ſatisfied you would be much more affected, than if I was whole days employed in detailing the miſeries and diſtreſſes, and here, without the ſlighteſt proſpect of even temporary alleviation ſo generally are they felt and diſtributed.—Let me conjure you, therefore, as friends, as men diveſted of thoſe principles that now appear to be adopted by your government, to come forward—arreſt the

attentions and conſiderations of the humane and charitable, publicly and privately, in behalf of thouſands who have fallen victims to the moſt wanton inſtance of unprovoked aggreſſion at this day on record. Where is the boaſted national character? Henceforth lie ſtill anti-jacobins—Mallet du Pan—flowery preachers, orators, and pamphleteers, for now your labours are in vain, and become vague and futile. The drum beats for a war of extermination: Forgive me, gentlemen, if my perſonal feelings urge me thus harſhly to anticipate the future reſult of late operations here; but, in the mean time, pardon my once more calling your attention to the numerous crowds of widows, aged, and orphans, that now muſt look up to the benevolent and charitable, and imploring your individual exertions in behalf of their wretchedneſs and ſufferings. Were it poſſible for only ten gentlemen who daily meet at Lloyd's to take a moment's glance into my houſe, offices, and cellars, alone, I am confident the object of my ſolicitations would be accompliſhed.

'Yours, &c.

'N. B. I have ſcrawled this over in a ſtate of mind not the moſt enviable, and at a hazard when or how it is to be conveyed.'

PRIVATE LETTERS.

9.] *Copenhagen Roads, Sept.* 22.—We hope in a few days to be on our way to old England.—Moſt of the Daniſh ſhips are out of harbour, and are entirely ready to take their departure. Amongſt thoſe actually in the roads are the following:—

	Guns.
King Chriſtian the VII.	96
Waldemar	84
Neptunus	84
Tricroner	74
Norce	74
Crone Prins. Frederick	74
Denmark	74
Funen	74
Crone Princeſs Maria	74
Odin	74
Skiold	74
Juſtitia	74
Princeſs Sophia Frederica	74
Mars	64
Conqueror	64

Frederigſtein, St. Thomas, and Iris, frigates.

The carpenters have been buſily employed for ſome time in pulling to pieces the ſhips of the line on the ſtocks, and getting on board the timber, &c.—Our tars ſeem to require no ſpur to do their duty. They work from day light to dark with an alacrity which has hardly ever been equalled.—On the day after to-morrow, ſeveral frigates, cutters and gun-brigs are expected to be completed and brought from the harbour into the roads; and on the 25th or 26th, 150 ſail of tranſports, laden with the valuable contents of the arſenals, will be out, and I truſt under ſail in a few hours after, for Chatham or Portſmouth. The whole of the convoy will amount at leaſt to between 3 and 400 veſſels.

It is ſuppoſed that we ſhall have a touch at Elſineur, before we leave this quarter. We have been too buſy for ſome time paſt to think of it; but I underſtand there is a conſiderable quantity of naval ſtores, which, as we mean to do our buſineſs completely, muſt not be left behind. The place, it is ſuppoſed, would ſurrender at the firſt ſummons.

Proviſions are become ſo ſcarce at Copenhagen, as to render it neceſſary to ſend a ſupply for the army and navy. For this purpoſe ſome tranſports are preparing in the river, and will proceed without delay.

The report in the fleet is, that admiral Eſſington's ſquadron will winter in the Belt, or at leaſt, remain there as long as poſſible.

Bonaparte has made a requiſition to the court of Peterſburgh *to ſhut her ports againſt all commercial intercourſe with this country*:

10.] On the 5th ult. the day of the return of the imperial guards and garriſon of Peterſburgh (about 12,000 men) to that city from the theatre of the war, the emperor went to meet the proceſſion, accompanied by the French ambaſſador, general Savary. This miniſter of Bonaparte rode on the right ſide of the emperor, and engroſſed all his converſation. The Auſtrian ambaſſador was alſo near the emperor, but was not at all attended to, nor indeed was any other perſon in the imperial train. Savary was in a military dreſs of the moſt gorgeous deſcription. He far outſhone the emperor; every eye was fixed on him; every one appeared to look upon him as the principal perſon preſent; and all ſeemed ready to make the miſtake which the wife of Darius had formerly done, to fall down and worſhip him for Alexander. But while this was going on, the Ruſſian nobility had preſſed and brought forth, almoſt by compulſion, lord Granville Leviſon Gower, our dignified and much reſpected ambaſſador, from the retirement in which he had reſolved to ſpend a day ſo ſignalized by the prevalence of French intereſt; they placed him a conſpicuous ſituation, in the front of the ſenate-houſe, to view the proceſſion as it paſſed. A grand dinner was afterwards given excluſively in honour of lord Gower, at which the emperor Alexander expreſſed

great

great displeasure, saying he did not require such a compliment for the ambassador of France, but he could not approve of so invidious a distinction being shewn to the British ambassador.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

Sadler's Wells.—As the curtain was letting down Thursday night at this theatre, to prepare for the water scene in the Wood Demon, a quarrel commenced in the pit, and some people cried out '*A fight.*' The exclamation was mistaken for a cry of '*fire.*' It was a benefit night, and the house was crowded. The effect of such an alarm may be conceived, but cannot be adequately described; every part was terror and confusion: the people in the gallery, pit, and boxes, all pressed eagerly forward to the doors, but could not obtain egress in time to answer their impatience. The pressure was dreadful; those next to the avenues were thrown down by those immediately behind, without distinction of age or sex. Of those quite in the rear, some became desperate; they threw themselves from the gallery into the pit, and from the boxes upon the stage. A horrid discord of screams, oaths, and exclamations reigned throughout. On the exterior of the theatre, the scene was not less dreadful; at every door and avenue might be seen people dragging out the audience, whose strength was exhausted, and who were unable to effect their escape, but had just strength to gain the passage, or been forced forward by the crowd behind. Not less than fifty women were fainting at the same time, on the inside and outside of the house. The performers who had not heard the exclamation that excited this alarm, came forward on the stage, full of astonishment and surprise at the scene before them, and some of them catching the alarm, ran away in their dresses. In this frightful situation, the manager came forward with a speaking trumpet and assured the audience, that there was not the slightest danger or cause for the alarm; and that there was no fire: that he conceived the alarm was excited by a set of pick-pockets, for the purpose of committing depredations: and that one of them was then in custody. At this time about two-thirds of the audience had effected their escape from the pit and boxes, and about one half from the gallery. The remaining company in the pit and boxes recovered considerably from the alarm; but the assurance of the manager had no effect upon the people in the gallery. Finding the crowd not clearing away with a rapidity equal to their impatience, they conceived that their egress was obstructed, and cried out that the doors were fastened. The manager declared they were not, and continued to assure them that there was not the slightest cause for alarm. They were not, however to be satisfied; they broke the sides of the gallery, and thus forced their way into the house, and down the private passages, 1600 persons were in the house. Of these, we lament, eighteen lost their lives. They consisted chiefly of women and children, who leaped from the gallery into the pit, or were thrown down the gallery stairs. Among them were two beautiful girls, supposed to be sisters. The eighteen bodies are lying in the house. Many more, it is feared, have been killed; as in every direction might be met men carrying away women and children in their arms, with broken bones, or apparently lifeless. Two men, suspected of being the promoters of the alarm that led to this dreadful catastrophe, were lodged last night in Clerkenwell, Bridewell. A mr. Dobson, of Coleman-street, gave his address to mr. Dibdin one of the managers, and promised to appear against them for riotous behaviour during the whole evening. It was impossible for the managers, by any diligence, to have prevented this accident; every thing that man could do they did to arrest its progress; they flew to every part of the house to inspire confidence, and convince the audience of their error, regardless of the havoc that was making of their property: for all the girandoles, musical instruments, &c. were broken to pieces, and the interior of the house entirely destroyed; they thought only of allaying the fears of the audience, and administering relief to the sufferers.—Medical assistance was called in from all quarters; no fewer than thirty surgeons were present before twelve o'clock, and by their exertions many persons were relieved, and some restored to life. A great number of constables were also called in to preserve order by keeping off the accumulating crowd, and assisting the friends of the injured persons to find them out.

DUBLIN, *Sept.* 29.

HIS grace the lord lieutenant has been pleased to fix the first day of October next for the commencement of the volunteering from the Irish militia, under the act of the last sessions of the united parliament. The requisite arrangements have, by order of the earl of Harrington, commander of the forces, been formed for the superintendance and general conduct of the volunteering from the regiments of militia to those of the line.

The

The following account of the ſtorm experienced by the Dublin packet, is given by one of the paſſengers :—

'We ſailed from Dublin on Friday, the 4th, about 12 o'clock at night, and experienced a heavy gale, and moſt inceſſant rain, during the whole of Saturday, the ſea uncommonly rough, running in all directions. At night it grew more tempeſtuous, and obliged me to quit my ſeat in our barouche on deck, which I had occupied all day. The ſtorm encreaſed with redoubled fury, and on Sunday morning, about ten we were dreadfully alarmed by a moſt tremenduous crash; a heavy ſea ſhipped on board, drove in the cabin windows, ripping up the iron grating over it at leaſt a hundred weight, waſhing overboard our barouche (which it tore from the laſhing, and carried through the mainſail, in the ſeats and trunks of which unfortunately were clothes, jewels, writings, &c. of conſiderable value), at the ſame time ſweeping away the carriage of a chariot, in the body of which the owner, a mr. Stuart, was ſitting, but providentially ſaved by the wood work round the top of the cabin ladder ſheltering it from the violence of the waves; at the ſame time waſhing over board the boat, tearing up the ſtaples by which it was faſtened to the decks, and carrying away one of the anchors. Every ſail but the foreſail was torn in rags, the boom of the mainſail falling, ſtove in the top of the chariot body; and after beating about in this deplorable ſituation, the ſea running mountains high, we at laſt diſcovered Holyhead, and made the harbour about two o'clock p. m. literally a complete wreck, but happy in ſaving our lives. Three veſſels, one a Weſt indiaman, laden with coffee, called the Neptune, from Port-au-Prince, we ſaw ſtrike on the rocks, and I am glad to ſay the crews were ſaved; but I fear three others were totally loſt.'

Oct. 2.] The right hon. Henry Grattan arrived this morning in this city, by the Holyhead packet.

The late American papers contain an account of a woman, upwards of 70 years of age, who works regularly in man's apparel, as a ſhip's carpenter, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is capable and induſtrious, and can utter an oath or turn off her grog, with as little ceremony as any of her fellow labourers.

Mr. and mrs. Greaves, the unfortunate couple whoſe bodies were found drowned in the dock near Ringſend-bridge, on Friday morning, were natives of England; they had been brought to Ireland by meſſrs. Lindſay, of Parliament-ſtreet, and by them employed in making artificial flowers, which they had brought to great perfection and elegance. It is not true that they had dined with meſſrs. Lindſay on Thurſday;—they had been in Dublin, and were returning to their lodgings at Iriſhtown, but in the extreme darkneſs of the night they miſſed their way and fell into the water, where they were found next morning locked in each other's arms; they were perſons of great worthineſs and induſtry.

Mr. Putnam, late of the Dublin theatre royal, made his appearance at the theatre royal, Drury-lane, on Thurſday evening laſt, in the character of Alonzo in Pizarro.

8.] The volunteering from the militia has ſucceeded ſo far, that it is ſuppoſed that already there are more battalions embodied than replaces, in the different ſtations over the united kingdom, the fine army which was, with ſo much rapidity and ſilence ſent to the Baltic.

Our new municipal authorities have commenced their career, in the diſcharge of their ſeveral duties, with an energy which holds forth the faireſt promiſe that the public ſervice will be faithfully attended to.

The agents of Bonaparte are rapidly proceeding in the plunder of the ſcientific collections in the conquered countries. Eighty or a hundred enormous caſes of curioſities, from Berlin and Potſdam, have arrived at port St. Nicholas. No fewer than a hundred and fifty packages of the ſame kind had before been tranſmitted to the Napoleon muſeum. In theſe were incloſed the ſplendid collection of pictures from the gallery of Heſſe Caſſel, and a great variety of valuable articles from Brunſwick, Shaltſhalen and Wolfenbottel. Among the more important contributions, are the MSS. from the library of the latter, which have been depoſited under the immediate inſpection of m. Denon, in the national library.

We have to notice the continued and extenſive emigration which takes place from the north of Ireland to America. The New York papers of the 15th and 17th ult. mention two veſſels, the Abigail and Mars, having arrived there: the firſt with 83 perſons from Londonderry, and the other with nearly an equal number.

Ballinaſloe Sheep Fair.—There appears an evident improvement in the quality of the ſheep expoſes for ſale. The prices were rather higher, and the demand much quicker than laſt year. The number of ſheep ſold amounts to 70,611. The meeting of the farming ſociety is both numerous and reſpectable. The exhibition of live ſtock for premiums is very intereſting. We obſerve among the competitors the

names of several eminent breeders, viz. the marquis of Sligo, lord Ashtown, lord Clonbrock, sir T. G. Newcomen, sir Edward Crofton, mr. Wynne, mr. Doyne, mr. Mahon, mr. Lloyd, mr. Scully, mr. Going, &c. &c.

12.] Major general sir Arthur Wellesley and suite, arrived this morning from Holyhead, in the Auckland packet. The return of this distinguished character has given the most universal satisfaction in this city, as it will in every part of Ireland.

The quantity of naval stores found at Copenhagen exceeds belief. The government of Denmark must either have been the richest or most provident in Europe, to have laid in a supply adequate to its consumption according to the usual tenor of its politics, for twenty years at least. The wear and tear of the Danish navy could not have emptied the store-houses of Copenhagen in that time. In addition to the ships in the harbour, and upon the stocks, the frame of several others were, we understand, in such a state of arrangement and preparation, that they could be put together in the course of a few weeks, either at Copenhagen, the Texel, Brest, or any of the ports under French controul. Exclusively of what has been shipped on board the transports, the men of war, both English and Danish, it is said, are loaded to the bends. They have all their lower ports fastened and caulked in.—Upwards of 400 pieces of brass ordnance, it is said, which were buried, have since been discovered by our troops. The quantity of shot, shells, and cast ordnance, found in the arsenal, is so great, that a considerable part of each must either be left behind or destroyed.—There has been a temporary scarcity of provisions at Copenhagen, which, by this time, has been removed. Nearly 2000 tons of shipping left England, about a week ago with all kinds of provisions for the fleet.

13.] Monday being quarter-day of the guild of merchants, that respectable guild assembled at the exhibition-house, in William-street, when the long agitated subject of permitting the master-measuring porters to sell their employments, was again debated; and it was finally determined that no sale of places should hereafter, on any pretence, be permitted; but that those persons who should become incapable of duty through age or infirmity, should retire on half emolument; and the persons who should be elected in their places, should have but half emolument, until by death or removal of those above them they should succeed to full emolument, according to their seniority of election.

An address, expressive of the approbation of the guild entertain of the excellent conduct of the late lord mayor, alderman Pemberton, was voted, and a committee was ordered to prepare the same.

A similar address was voted to be presented to Edmund Nugent and Richard Manders, esqrs. late high sheriffs, and a committee was ordered to prepare the same.

The thanks of the guild were voted to alderman King, for his faithful and honourable discharge of the duties of master of the guild.

The freedom of the guild was voted to captain George King, royal fuzileers.

After the common routine the guild adjourned.

Friday the earl of Harrington, commander in chief of the forces in this kingdom, arrived at general Floyd's, Camden-place, Cork. It is said he is on a tour of inspection through the maritime counties, to see that the military stations on the coast are in a proper state of defence.

It is somewhat curious, that Arthur O'Connor, who was one of the great democratic chiefs in Ireland, has lost his lofty republican spirit, and is contented to become an officer in Bonapart's guard of honour, inspector of the aliens, and proprietor of an English newspaper, published at Paris, entitled 'The Argus.' As O'Connor boasts of being descended from the line of antient kings in Ireland, what must be thought of him by his countrymen, when they find that he has sunk into a state of humiliating dependency under such a man as Bonaparte, who arose from nothing? In his character of inspector of aliens, we hope no loyal Englishman will come under his examination; and as the proprietor of the Argus, we can easily account for its continual abuse of Great Britain and its government.—*Sun.*

On Friday evening last, mr. Richard Jones, late of our theatre, made his first appearance on the London boards in the character of Goldfinch; he was received through the entire performance with the greatest applause.

15.] Wednesday morning a duel took place at Cove, between lieutenant Hills, 2d of his majesty's ship Dryad, and lieut. Burney, third of the same vessel. They exchanged two shots each, and were both wounded, but not dangerously, before the affair was adjusted.

On Friday last sir Charles Ormsby, as first counsel to the commissioners of the revenue, attended at the sessions house, Kilmainham, in order to shew cause against an appeal which had been made from a conviction by a magistrate against a publican

can in the county of Dublin, for ſelling ſpirituous liquors without being duly qualified according to law; the merits of the caſe were going to be entered into, when ſir Charles ſhewed the chairman, and the juſtice of ſeſſions, that they had not any power to try the cauſe, inaſmuch as the law requires the appeal to be lodged in the next general ſeſſions, or ſome adjournment thereof, next after the conviction, which not having been complied with in this inſtance, the conviction of courſe ſtands affirmed. There were ſome other appeals from convictions againſt publicans, the hearing of which ſtands over (by conſent) until Monday the 30th November next.

The goaler of Kilmainham has been ſuperceded and committed to Newgate under a charge of having connived at the recent eſcape of Newton and Barnes from the priſon, for whoſe apprehenſion a reward has been offered by the high ſheriff of the co. of Dublin.

Laſt Saturday there was a meeting of the inhabitants of St. John's pariſh, held for the purpoſe of taking into conſideration, whether the quota of militia they were to furniſh, ſhould be raiſed by ballot, or by aſſeſſing themſelves with a certain ſum to raiſe ſubſtitutes, when the latter was adopted, as the leaſt oppreſſive. The pariſh of St. Andrew has alſo come to a ſimilar reſolution, and on Sunday called a veſtry for the purpoſe of raiſing whatever money may be neceſſary. We hear the different parithes throughout the city, have adopted this principle, as being the leaſt burthenſome and beſt calculated to anſwer the purpoſe of filling the militia.

Within the laſt three days the greateſt part of the 2d regiment of the German legion of cavalry has arrived in this city by way of Liverpool, from their laſt quarters at Deal barracks in Kent. They are a fine body of men and horſes, and have a very martial appearance.

On Sunday evening a man, ſuppoſed in a ſtate of mental derangement, leaped off the balluſtrade of Eſſex-bridge into the Liffey; the body had not been found at a late hour that night.

Accounts from the Springs in America, ſay, that general Moreau had left Balltown, on his return to New York, having relinquiſhed his deſign of viſiting the falls of Niagara. His return had given riſe to various conjectures; but we are told, (ſays an American paper) it was occaſioned by the receipt of intelligence from France, of the death of the mother of mrs. Moreau. The general is very free and communicative in his converſation on military and other topics; he does not heſitate to give his opinion of Bonaparte, who, as a man he deteſts, but reſpects as a ſoldier. Fiſhing and fowling are the favourite amuſements of the general at the Springs.

The 88th regiment ſuffered moſt ſeverely at the attack of Buenos Ayres. Out of 450 which formed one of the wings, under the command of the colonel, the killed and wounded were 250.

Lord Hutchinſon is at Stockholm, but is on his route to England. He was expected at Gottenburgh in a day or two.

Louis the XVIII. of France is alſo expected to embark for this country.

Deſcription of the iſland of Huven and Wheu, ſituate in the centre of the Sound, between Denmark and Sweden.---This iſland was the reſidence of Tycho Brahe, who had here the famous obſervatory and printing-office built for him by the king of Denmark, and of which now remains but ſome trifling ruins. It belonged, by the treaty of Roſchild in 1658, to Sweden. It has been for ſome time regarded as neutral, and has only 50 or 60 families in it, principally fiſhermen. It contains about 8000 geometrical places in circumference; is mountainous, very fertile, and is well ſupplied with water. It poſſeſſes two excellent harbours, one on the north and the other on the ſouth, which renders it a capital ſtation for thoroughly commanding the opening or ſhutting of the Sound; and it may be, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, rendered as invulnerable as Heligoland or Gibraltar, with a little attention and activity, requiring only 2 or 3000 men to keep poſſeſſion of it.

20.] The annual viſitation of the archbiſhop of Dublin, was held at St. Patrick's cathedral, on Wedneſday laſt. Among the buſineſs tranſacted was an order from his grace to the rectors of pariſhes, that they ſhould in future pay 75l. a year to each of their curates, inſtead of 50l. a regulation which has been for ſome time in contemplation. The order was received with a murmur from only one gentleman. His grace took notice of the ſhameful ſtate of St. Andrew's church-yard to the vicar of that pariſh, and alſo of the badneſs of the wall which encloſes it.

Friday a veſtry of St. Andrew's pariſh was held, for the purpoſe of raiſing their quota of men for the militia, which is 24. After ſome deliberatiou, it was agreed to raiſe that number by a parochial tax of ſixpence to the ſhilling miniſter's money paid by each houſe-keeper. It was ordered at the veſtry, that the large bell for intimating divine ſervice in St. Andrew's church, ſhould commence ringing every Sunday

forenoon.

forenoon, at 11 o'clck, and to be succeeded in a quarter of an hour by the smaller, and to ceaſe at half-paſt 11, the time for beginning devotion; and it was alſo ordered that the gallery of that church ſhould not be opened on Sunday evenings, at divine ſervice, ſufficient room being always in the lower part at ſuch time.

The great houſe in Sackville-ſtreet, lately occupied by lord Leitrim, has been taken by the extenſive firm of Wedgewood and Byerley (potters to the queen and to their royal highneſſes the dukes of York and Clarence) ſo well known and admired in every part of Europe, and in a ſhort time the citizens of Dublin will have the advantage of purchaſing at a reaſonable rate that beautiful manufacture.

BIRTHS.

IN Lower Brooke-ſtreet, London, the lady of lord viſcount Stuart, eldeſt ſon of the earl Caſtle-Stuart, of a ſon. —At Barley-hill, county of Mayo, the lady of Bernard M'Manus, eſq. of a daughter.—At Portumna Caſtle, the counteſs of Clanricarde, of a daughter. —In Kilkenny, the lady of major Watts, of twins.—At Limerick, the lady of capt. Magrath Fitzgerald, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

MR. M. Lambert Watſon Hepenſtal, to miſs Elizabeth Ball, daughter of Benjamin Ball, eſq. of Clare-ſtreet. —In Iriſhtown, Limerick, George J. Murphy, eſq. of Dublin, eldeſt ſon of James Murphy of Braymount, in the county Meath, eſq. to miſs Loughnan, daughter of colonel Loughnan, —In Sackville-ſtreet, James Shanly, eſq. barriſter at law, to miſs E. Mulvany, ſecond daughter to Charles Mulvany, eſq.—At Cork, Andrew Creagh, eſq. to miſs Mary Smith.—At Weymouth, Ponſonby Tottenham, eſq. to mrs. Symes, widow of the late colonel Symes.—Mr. John Thomſon, to miſs Elizabeth Burns, of Belfaſt.—Mr. James M'Cart, of Largy, to miſs Jameſon, of Kilroot.—At Galway, Andrew Martin, eſq. to miſs Charlotte Burke, daughter of James Burke, eſq. —J. Clarke, eſq. of the 19th light dragoons, to miſs Catherine Buchanan, ſiſter to captain Buchanan, of Proſpect, Weſtport, county Mayo.— Parke Roche, eſq. of Bandon, to miſs Browne, only daughter of Thos. Browne, eſq. of Caſtleview, near Macromp.—G. Lockwood, eſq. of the Tipperary militia, to miſs A. Wilſoe.—At Rathdrum, county of Wicklow, capt. Mather, of the county of Dublin militia, to miſs Powell, of Pruſſia-ſtreet, in this city.— At Mallow, Abraham Orpen, M. D. to mrs. Smithwick, relict of the late Michael Smithwick, eſq. of Mount Catherine, in the county of Limerick. At Walcot church, Bath, by the rt. rev. the lord biſhop of Killala, the rev. Edward Stock, eldeſt ſon of the biſhop, to miſs Loniza Droz, daughter of Simon Droz, eſq. of Portland-place, in that city.—At Galway, A. P. Martin, eſq. of Eagle-hill, to miſs Charlotte Burke, daughter of J. Burke, eſq.—In Killarney, James Magill, of Tralee, eſq. to miſs Julia Lawler, third daughter of Hugh Lawler, eſq. M. D. of Killarney.—At Litter, near Tarbert, John Blennerhaſſet, eſq. of Ridleſtown, to miſs Wren, daughter of the late Thomas Wren, of Litter, eſq.—At Church-hill, county of Kerry, Jonathan Davis, eſq. of the city of Cork, to miſs Benſon, daughter of the late D. Benſon, of Tralee, eſq.—At Kinſale, Joſeph Cabbett Bourchier, eſq. lieutenant in the royal Tyrone militia, to mrs. Laurenſon, relict of the late Ralph Laurenſon, eſq. of the Queen's co.—In Tipperary, mr. William Collins, to miſs Proſſer, daughter of mr. Joſeph Proſſer, both of ſaid town.—Richard Scott, eſq. of this city, attorney, to mrs. Leake relict of the late Richard Leake, eſq.—At Hopton Waters, Shropſhire, mr. Richard Golightly, of Liverpool, merchant, to miſs Skelhorne, daughter of the late mr. Skelhorne, of Liverpool.—At Aughalee, near Lurgan, mr. John Little, to miſs Bamber, of ſame place. —In York-ſtreet, Camillus Hone, eſq. of Summer-hill, to mrs. Conolly, relict of the late rev. T. Conolly, York-ſtreet.—At Belfaſt, William Morris, of Londonderry, eſq. to miſs Black,

daughter

daughter of mr. A. Black, merchant, Belfaſt.—At Wexford, captain Armſtrong, of the royal Tyrone militia, to miſs Murphy, daughter of Laurence Murphy, eſq.—Robert Stringer, eſq. to miſs Harding, daughter of Henry Harding, eſq. of the Queen's county.—At Ballycaſtle, the hon. James Butler, brother to the earl of Ormond, to miſs Grace Louiſa Staples, daughter of the right hon. John Staples, of Liſſan.—In Mecklenburgh-ſtreet, Arthur Wilkinſon, eſq. captain in his majeſty's 13th regt. of foot, to miſs Anne Carter, daughter of doctor Carter.—James A. Hayne, of Hardwicke-place, to miſs Warner, of Milltown, county Monaghan,—Wm. Read, eſq. of South Cumberland-ſtreet, to miſs Perrin, ſecond daughter of the late William Perrin, eſq.—Samuel Adderly Kelly, eſq. of the hearth-money office, cuſtom-houſe, to miſs M'Mullen, of Hanover-ſtreet.—In Caſtle Forbes, the right hon. lord Ranceliffe, to the lady Elizabeth Mary Forbes, eldeſt daughter of the earl of Granard.—At Galway, lieut. Caldcutt, of the 5th dragoon guards, to miſs Dorinda M'Namara, only daughter of Francis M'Namara, of Doolan, co. Clare, eſq.—Mr. James Geoghehan, of this city, mercantile and marine broker, to miſs Parker, daughter of mr. Mathew Parker, of the Batchelor's-walk.

DEATHS.

IN Aungier-ſtreet, mr. Fiſher, paper-ſtainer.—Whitney Upton Gledſtones, eſq. of Fardroſs, county Tyrone.—Darby Scully, eſq. of Silverfort, county Tipperary.—In Kilmainham gaol, mr. John Long.—John Chaloner, eſq.—Mrs. Price, wife of Frederick Price, eſq. of Limerick.—The hon. mrs. Brice, wife of E. Brice, of Kilroot-houſe, in the county Antrim, eſq. and eldeſt daughter of the right hon. lord Ventry.—In Montague-ſtreet, mrs. Jones, relict of John Jones, of Oldtown, in the county of Kildare, eſq. — In Longford-ſtreet, mrs. Dawes, wife of Mr. Dawes, ſen. one of the royal meſſengers.—In Pill-lane, mrs. Mary Smith.—At Strabane, mrs. Cochrane, wife of R. Cochrane, eſq.—At Stranorlan, the rev. mr. Love, many years preſbyterian miniſter of that congregation.—At Edinburgh, mrs. Charteris, who for above 30 years belonged to the theatre of that city.—At Kilcornan, the ſeat of Thomas Redington, eſq. mrs. Blake, wife of the late W. Blake, of Ballyglunin, eſq.—At his houſe, near Dungarven, John Hearne, eſq.—At Maglas, near Tralee, mrs. Sealey, wife of Samuel Sealy, eſq.—At his ſeat, Foxhall, in the county Tipperary, aged 80, William Anderſon eſq.—In Clonmel, John Chaloner, eſq.—In Biſhop-ſtreet, in Londonderry, mrs. Moore, wife of mr. Joſeph Moore, iron-monger.—In Limerick, aged 77, mr. J. Barry, ſtay-maker.—At his country reſidence, at Eaſt Sheen, ſir Brook Watſon, bart. and alderman of the city of London.—At Galway, miſs Frances Mannin, youngeſt daughter to mr. Timothy Mannin.—Mrs. Craig, wife of the rev. mr Craig, preſbyterian miniſter of Liſburn.—At Warnborough, in Wiltſhire, mr. A. Hart, an eccentric and parſimonous character: he had ſecreted between 13 and 14,000 guineas, in different parts of his dwelling, without inſtructions to any perſon where, in caſes of contingency, to find them.—In Exchequer-ſtreet, mrs. Davis, wife of mr. John Davis—At the marquis of Townſhend's, Richmond, Surrey, the right hon. lady Charlotte Biſhopp, the lady of Cecil Biſhopp, eſq. and eldeſt daughter of the marquis of Townſhend.—Wm. Maxwell, eſq. major of the Donegal regiment of militia, eldeſt ſon of R. Maxwell, of Birdſtown, eſq.—At Sallins Lodge, co. Kildare, mrs. Mary Faulkner, relict of the late Thomas Faulkner, eſq. of Ballingarry, county Tipperary.—Rev. mr. Boylan, preſbyterian miniſter, of Caledon.—At Carlow, mrs. (doctor) Leckey.—At Marli, in the 82d year of his age, William Wallace, eſq.—In Dorſet-ſtreet, Pearſon Philip Tracy, eſq.—Mrs. Mary Gray, wife of Jonathan Gray, late of this city.—Mr. Aaron Loughlin, of Townſhend-ſtreet.—Mr. David Woods, merchant of Belfaſt.

Viscountess Castlereagh